DIVINE MEDITATIONS

UPON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

Whereunto is annexed,

GOD'S LOVE,

AND

Man's Unworthinesse.

WITH

SEVERAL DIVINE JACULATIONS.

Written by JOHN QUARLES.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Stafford*, and are to be sold at his house at the signe of the George at Fleet-bridge. 1635.

To the Reader.

Kinde Reader,

Let me lay this injunction upon thee before thou permitteſt thy eye to ſurvey this little Volume, that thou wilt reſolve to pardon, *I will not ſay for what for fear thou ſhouldſt be ſcrupulous and not read; The ſubject is Divine, and I confeſs too good to be ſo badly handled; however, I have done my endeavour, and* Alexander *did no more when he*

be conquered Kingdoms: but Reader, becauſe I will not detain thine eye too long in one place, I bid thee

Farewell.

To

To my esteemed friend

JAMES HOBARTE

of *Hales* in the County of

Norfolke, Esquire.

SIR,

IF I am [illegible]d, it is in fulfil-

[illegible] y[illegible]

cons[illegible] well re[illegible]

when we were Prisoners toge-

ther

ther, that your ſelf gave me the ſeverall Subjects of theſe ſhort MEDITATIONS; I confeſs I have no cauſe to bluſh at the ſubjects, but I fear you will finde cauſe to bluſh at the bad performance of your deſires; however, I have done my endeavour; and if you pleaſe to own it worth your acceptance, I ſhall

own

own your acceptance worth my
labour, and ever remain

May god be

May god Noll

and her [illegible]

To my Muſe.

TEll me preſumptuous Muſe *how dar'ſt thou treat*
Upon a Subject ſo ſublime, ſo great!
Alas how dare thy infancy aſpire
So high as Heaven, *where the celeſtial quire*
Of ſoul-enchanting Angels, howrely ſing,
Anthems of Joy to their melliſluous King!
This is a task that invocates the beſt
And loftieſt quils; Heav'ns *love muſt be expreſt*
With wanton language: he that ſhall preſume
To labour in this worke, muſt firſt perfume
His Soul *With true Divinity, and breathe*
Celeſtial ayres, that Readers *may perceive*
Their Authour *labours with a ſerious heart*
T'embalm his actions with divineſt art;
This is a field whoſe ſpacious bounds extend
Themſelves to infinite; who ſtrives to end
Shall ſtill begin, and having once begun
This pleaſing progreſs, muſt not ceaſe to run
Untill he ſtops in Heaven, *there lyes the gain,*
Who runs with Faith *is certain to obtain.*
If then my Muſe, *thou canſt divinely mount*
This Sacred Stage, *thou needſt not fear t'account*

Thy

Thy actions prosperous, strive thou to stand
Guarded with Faith, *and* Heav'n *will lend a hand*
To prop thee up, his power will infuse
Sufficient matter for an active Muse
To work upon, his wisdome will direct
Thy painfull hand, his mercies will correct
Thy rambling thoughts, and teach thee to proclaim
Th' unsumm'd up glories of his Royall Name;
Abandon earth, and bid vain thoughts adieu
Thou canst not serve thy God *and* Mammon *too;*
Rouse then, and let thy well-prun'd Eagles wings
Mount thee aloft, let not terrestiall things
Disturb thy resolutions, let them all
Evade thy minde; thy thoughts must grow too tall
For such low toies: stirre up thy zealous fire,
And what thou canst not well expresse, admire.

DIVINE

DIVINE MEDITATIONS

Upon ſeverall ſubjects.

I.

GRoans, midnight groans, uſurp the Common-(wealth,
Oh my infringed Soule! I know no health,
Nor feel no pleaſure, all my joyes are fled
I know not where, and I am worſe than dead.
Heav'n-ſhouldring Atlas, *if compar'd to me*
Beares nothing, mine a weighty miſery.

II.

Ah me, can nothing cure me, is my grief
So much inſanable, that no relief
Can flow from *Gilead*? doe my ſins obſtruct
Thoſe tydes of grace which uſually conduct
Refreſhments to me? Oh moſt diſmall fate!
He feels a plague too ſoon, that grieves too late.

III.

Cimmerian mists, alas! and what are they?
(Compar'd to me) lesse than a glorious day.
The sense of my own blindnesse makes me know
The blindnesse of my senses. Can a woe
Be more exub'rous? Here's a griefe refin'd,
A seeing Body, and a Soule that's blind.

IV.

The sight-deprived wretch, whose darkned fate
Makes day and night (as 'twere) incorporate,
And knows no diff'rence, but still gropes about,
And finds his Day within, his Night without:
But I, sad I, being muffled up in sin,
Find Day without, alas! but Night within.

V.

Saddest of thoughts! Oh that I could espie
One gracious Sun-beame, that my willing eye,
Might, like the dawning of the Infant-day,
Grow by degrees, and at the last display
Some glorious rayes to my undarkned heart,
I'de hug that light, and never let it part.

VI.

But I, unhappy I, whose former dayes
Consum'd in ill, have quite expell'd the rayes
Of future happinesse; and now I see
All evill is epitomiz'd in me.
Too late I grieve, for what I feele too soone;
The Sun lets fall his fiercest rayes at noone.

VII.

Though foggy vapours oftentimes ascend,
Being exhaled by a *Solar* friend,
From Earths chill breast, and for a season shroud
Themselves within an entertaining cloud:
Yet at the last, (unwilling to remaine)
Discloud themselves, and fall to Earth againe.

VIII.

But ah! my sin-exhaling soule is fill'd
With noysome fogs that cannot be distill'd;
They keep a forc'd possession, and encrease
Within me, nay, and riot out my peace.
Needs must the Empire of a troubled brain
Feel store of torments where such Neroes *raign.*

IX.

Corporeall griefs, comparatively, merit
The name of *Pleaſures* to a troubled ſpirit:
Martyrs have taught, that temporary pains
(If well improv'd) ſwell into future gaines.
Griefe's baniſht quite from him that dyes forgiven;
A Storme on earth portends a Calme in heaven.

X.

As woe and trouble commonly await
Upon the frailty of a humane ſtate;
So Grace and Mercy evermore are found
Attending, where Divinity ſits crown'd.
Ah! would it not be undiſcreetly done,
To ſit in darkneſſe to avoid the Sun?

XI.

If *Heaven* ſhould pleaſe to baniſh from our ſight
His glorious lamp, whoſe moſt diffuſive light
Gives life to nature, all things would retire
Into a Chaos, and the world expire.
The Soul's a World-Divine, and Chriſt's the Sun,
Who ſhining not, the world is chang'd, not done.

XII.

We may obſerve, when happineſſe concludes,
How ſoone the ſad and fatall interludes
Of Miſery appeare : For Griefe and Joy
Are *initiators*. When our ſins deſtroy
The happineſſe we had, *Ah then appeares*
Miſchief attended with an hoaſt of fears.

XIII.

Adam (unhappy man !) with what a grace
Could he preſent himſelfe before the face
Of his well-pleas'd Creator, till the heat
Of his owne luſt compell'd him to retreat
From Gods commands. *Ah then, his new-bred fear*
Made him afraid to ſee, as well as heare.

XIV.

Let but the apples of the tender eye
Receive a ſudden touch, and by and by
The ſympathizing part will quickly be
Frighted (as 'twere) into a mutiny.
So when the Sin-toucht ſoule begins to ſmart,
The ſentiate faculties muſt beare a part.

XV.

Courage in *Sin*, is but a *Sin* enlarg'd;
Which like a deep-mouth'd Cannon over charg'd
Recoyles or breaks. Had *Peter* found no vent
For his denying sins, his soule had rent
It selfe in pieces. *Blest is he and wise,*
That can discharge his sorrow at his eyes.

XVI.

Sins that doe float in teares, are often drown'd
In their own floods; When reall sighs abound,
They raise a tempest, and our sins are tost
Against the rocks of Mercy, till they'r lost.
When sins beleaguer us With hostile feares,
There's no Artillery like Davids *teares.*

XVII.

Curst (like the Fig-tree) is that barren eye
That in a flood of sins is alwayes dry.
Teares are the choicest Jewels which are set
Like Orient Pearls in *Heavens*'s rich Cabinet.
When Faith implores, th' Almighty One that lent
A vent for Tears, will send us teares to vent.

XVIII.

Faith is the Souls beſt Orator; 'tis knowne,
There is no muſick like a faithfull groane.
A Whiſp'ring faith will find a ready eare,
When a loud-thundring faithleſſe voice muſt ſteere
From whence it came, no audience will be given,
A ſoft tongue Faith on Earth, ſpeaks loud in Heaven.

XIX.

Faith feeds the hungry, and it ſafe-guards thoſe,
That feare the danger of incenſed Foes.
Tis Heavens proof-Armor, he that wears this ſhield,
May ſafely meet *Goliah* in the Field.
'Tis heavenly mirth to heare a David *ſing;*
'Twas Faith that kill'd Goliah, *not a ſling.*

XX.

The pretious balſome of a ſound beliefe,
Expels the poyſon of a raging griefe.
The Womans bloody iſſue could not be
Cur'd, but by *Faiths* Divine Chirurgery.
When grief aſſailes, the Patient muſt be ſure.
T' apply warm prayers, and Faith will end the cure.

XXI.

Reaſon and *Faith* are combatants, the One
Demands a (why) the Other will be known
Without a reaſon, for the powerfull hand
Of *Faith* can fight, where reaſon cannot ſtand.
He that believes whats poſſible, can ſtraine
His Faith no higher than a humane braine.

XXII.

Faith is the mindes eſtabliſher, ſhould we
Believe but what we underſtand, and ſee,
We ſhould prove *Infidels:* had *Abraham* try'd
His Faith by humane ſence, his Faith had dy'd.
But barren Sarah, *when her time was run,*
Bleſt aged Abraham *with a ſmiling Son.*

XXIII.

When our eſtranged aſhes, ſhall lye hid
In their corruptions, reaſon will forbid
Their re-uniting, but a faithfull eye
Sees them inclining to their unity.
If we obſerve, we ſhall be ſure to finde
That Faith ſees beſt, when humane reaſon's blinde.

XXIV.

A well-deſerving eye, ſhall alwayes finde
Faith and *Theology*, as cloſe combin'd
As *Marth'* and *Mary* were; who ſtrive to ſmother
The one, muſt needs extirpate the other.
Accurſt be they that ſeparate ſuch friends:
Deſtroy the conſort, and the muſick ends.

XXV.

Th'inflamed Lamp ſhines in a darkſome night,
And fills each corner with a trembling light;
But when extinguiſht our benighted eye,
Leaves every object in obſcurity.
So ſhining Faith (ſnuft out by ſinne) expires
And leaves us muſt'd in our darke deſires.

XXVI.

Faith's a *Monoculiſt*, and can deſcry
The Sun of glory with a ſingle eye.
It comprehendeth all things, every place
Where ſhe aboads, is beautifi'd with grace.
Hee's like a pregnant Land, that knows no dearth,
But brings forth many off-ſprings at one birth.

XXVII.

Faith can unnaturalize a *Lion*, and
Make him lye subject to a strict command,
Or *Daniel* had not liv'd, his *Lamb* had power,
To make the *Lions* tremble, not devoure:
Be pleas'd Oh Lord, to look upon our Sion,
And send this Lamb to chase away our Lion.

XXVIII.

When once despised *Faith* is laid aside,
Needs must the Fabrick of *Religion* slide.
An unpropt-house, with danger is enjoy'd,
And *Pallaces* prove rubbish when destroy'd.
Oh how unblest is that declining Nation,
Where Faith's quite lost, Religion's out of fashion.

XXIX.

Faith and Religion like the Turtle-dove,
Having lost her first, admits no second love.
The troubled *Ocean* is not eas'ly still'd,
'Tis far more easie to destroy than build.
When Faction thrives, Religion starves at nurse,
Who sins with Ægypt, *must have* Ægypts *curse.*

XXX.

ure ſad *Religion*, cannot chuſe but groane
nder deformity, when every one
hall dreſſe her at his pleaſure: is it good
o cancel that, which Martyrs ſeal'd with blood?
Sure no it is not, bleſſings are deſpis'd,
When pure Religion's ſo much Proteuniz'd.

XXXI.

d rather want a bleſſing, than abuſe
he bleſſing that I have, th'apoſtate *Jewes*
n evidence this truth, for whilſt they ſtood
o ſave the *evill*, they deſtroy'd the *good*.
Did it not adde to Pilates *ſin, who cry'd,*
I finde no fault, and yet our Saviour dy'd?

XXXII.

ad *Judas* knowne the bleſſings he poſſeſt,
being private to our *Saviours* breaſt,
e then his moſt inordinate deſires,
d found no fuell to maintaine his fires.
Beſt things in their corruption prove the worſt,
Truth ſpeaks aloud, for Judas *was accurſt.*

XXXIII.

Alas how fondly did our thoughts deſpiſe
Theſe ſacred joyes, which now we chiefly prize
Becauſe we want them, and we ſadly prove
The want of bleſſings tutors us to love
The bleſſings that we had, if I tranſgreſſe,
Let David *witneſſe what my thoughts expreſſe.*

XXXIV.

Th'unfathom'd gulfe of mans unſatiate minde
Proves moſt outragious, when 'tis moſt confin'd.
I could perſwade my ſelfe, If 'twere a ſinne
Not to be ſinfull, Man would ſoon begin
To practice goodneſſe, *for the fleſh would be*
Oppugnant to the ſpirits faculty.

XXXV.

The raging fire, the more it is depreſt
The more it burnes, our Parent *Eve* tranſgreſt
Becauſe ſhe was forbid, although ſhe knew
What unavoided danger would acerew.
Yet her unſatisfi'd deſires were ſuch,
She could not chuſe but taſte as well as touch.

XXXVI.

Factions the worſt of Evills, 'tis a ſinne
Beyond addition; when we once begin
To fall to *Hereſie*, we know not how
Nor what to act, alas we can allow
A firme reſpect to nothing, *for to day,*
We hug, what we to morrow caſt away.

XXXVII.

If we obſerve, it may be quickly ſeen
How great a diſproportion is between
The Schools of God, and Nature, we conceive
In Natures Schooles, before we can believe;
But in the Schools of God We muſt aſpire,
Firſt to believe, conceive, and then admire,

XXXVIII.

Affliction is the Chriſtians badge, who knowes
Earths greateſt pleaſure, finde her greateſt woes,
Alas what are th'injoyments of this life,
But fleeting ſhadowes which denote a ſtrife?
If Davids *troubles ſojourne in my breaſt,*
Lord give me Davids *heart, and I am bleſt.*

XXXIX.

He that indures Affliction, muſt abide
The harſh directions of his knowing guide:
For they that travell in this world muſt take
Affliction by the hand, or elſe they'l make
A fruitleſſe journey. *He's a ſenſleſſe ſlave,*
That dances with Earth's muſick to his grave.

XL.

Affliction is ſins *Nurſery*, and they
That kill the *Brat*, muſt take the *Nurſe* away;
If not, they muſt expect what's much more worſe,
For ſin is known to be the Devills nurſe.
Then may they cry with lamentable breath,
No wages will content the Nurſe, but death.

XLI.

Wouldſt thou prevent affliction? then draw near,
I'le tell thee how, when ſin begins t'appeare:
Drown it in teares, teares of a heavenly race,
He that includes a ſin, excludes a Grace.
Sin often growes too aged for reliefe:
There is no danger like a non-ag'd griefe.

XLII.

wiſe man grieves not, that he undergoes
ction, but becauſe he fully knowes
many ſins deſerv'd as many more,
n times doubl'd, than he did before.
atience in things adverſe, like Stars, ſhine bright,
nd moſt tranſparent in the darkeſt night.

XLIII.

good to be afflicted, or elſe he
t ſpoke it, took delight in Miſery.
Davids ſins infect thee, let thy heart
ath'd in *Davids* tears, and then thou art
ndeared unto *Heaven: for he that lent*
uch time to ſinne, muſt borrow to repent.

XLIII.

ntance leads to Heav'n, if we expect
ture bleſſing, we muſt not neglect
preſent buſineſſe, which if we delay,
'l want to morrow, what we loſt to day:
t let's conſider e're our time be ſpent,
ow ſoon we ſin, and yet how late repent.

XLV.

He that delayes repentance, makes great haſte
To his owne ruine, and commits a waſte
Upon his Soul, for every houre we ſpend
And not repent, we wilfully befriend
Our adverſary, *Hell, whoſe Ginnes being ſet,*
He lyes and watches, when to draw the net.

XLVI.

The net being drawn, well may we run about,
And make our ſelves more faſt, attempting out
Then our betrayed Soule may ſadly ſay
Had we repented, when 'twas ſaid, to day,
This net had not inſnar'd us, nor we cry,
We that did ever ſinne, muſt ever dye.

Gods Love,

AND

Mans Unworthineſſe.

(Soul

GOD! how that word hath thunder-clapt my
Into a raviſhment; I muſt condole
My forward weakneſs; Ah, where ſhall I find
Sufficient *Metaphors* t'expreſs my mind?
Thou heart-amuſing word, how haſt thou fil'd
My Soul with *Halelujahs*, and diſtil'd
Wonders into me! Oh, that I could break
My heart in pieces, and divinely ſpeak
My mind in Raptures, that the frantique Earth
May bath it ſelfe in theſe ſweet ſtreams of mirth.

Then rouze my Soul, and practise how to turn
Thy wonders into language; do not burn
Thy sacred fuel in a place where none
Can have the benefit but thee alone.
Hoist up thy Sails, and let thy speedy motion
Hurry thee hence into the boundless *Ocean*:
Observe thy *compass*, keep a constant pace,
And *Heav'n* will steer thee to the Port of Grace.
'Tis strange to think, how the *Almighty* can
(That is so pure) love such a thing as *Man*,
Whose primitive corruption makes him worse
Then nothing, whose *Rebellion* claims a curse,
More then affection: How can *Heav'n* endure
A thing that can be nothing but impure?
Man (like a word that's voyd of reason) sounds
In every ear, his very name expounds
A misery; at best, he needs must be
But vain; And how can *Heav'n* love vanitie?
Man (like a shadow) flies before the Sun
Of his *afflictions*, and is still undone
By his own doing, he's his own pursuer;
And how can *Heav'n* love such a self-undoer?
Man (like a naked worm) is often found
Digging himself into the loathsome ground
Of ruine, he's a *Traytor* to his Bliss;
And how can *Heav'n* love such a worm as this?

Man

Man (like a flaſh of lightning) courts the world
With laviſh flames, and by and by is hurl'd
Into that Nothing, whence it firſt he came;
Then how can God love ſuch a ſhort-liv'd flame?
Man (like a Reed) is evermore inclind
To ſhake, and totter with each blaſt of wind;
He's alwayes running to the ground with ſpeed:
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch an earthly Reed?
Man (like the duſt) is always blown, and toſt
From place to place, and flies, till it has loſt
Its Center; never reſting in one place: (face?
Then how can *Heav'n* love that which flies in's
Man (like a Fly) ſtill buzzes up and down
From cup to cup, and ſips on, till he drown
Himſelf in pleaſure; fears no ſtander by:
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a drunken Fly?
Man (like a Rain-bow) oftentimes appears
Clothed in colours, but can claim no years,
No days, nay hardly hours, but muſt decay;
And how can *heav'n* love that which loves no ſtay?
Man (like a bubble) floats upon the waves
Of his deſires, whilſt every blaſt enſlaves
His brittle ſubſtance, fill'd with windy troubles;
And how can *heav'n* love ſuch uncõſtant bubbles?
Man (like the froth) ſpew'd from the *Oceans* breſt,
Is tyded up and down, but knows no reſt,

Nor perpetuity; and can betroth
It ſelf to nothing: *Heav'n* loves no ſuch froth.
Man (like the wind) is every moment flying
To every place, and hates to be complying
Or reſting any where: how can it be?
That *Heav'n* can love ſo much inconſtancie?
Man (like a ſwallow) loves the fragrant Spring
Of Earths delights, but with a ſpreading wing
Flies from the Winters more congealed breſt;
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a Summer gueſt?
Man (like a ſmoak) preſumptuouſly aſpires
Into the air, and by and by retires
Himſelf to nothing, nothing's his concluſion;
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a baſe confuſion?
Man (like a fire) whoſe green and ſcragged fuel
Denies to burn, until it fight a duel
With the incount'ring Bellows, which at laſt
Obtains the conqueſt, then it burns as faſt,
And ſeems as 'twere, ambitious to expire;
Then how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a raging fire?
Man (like an arrow) being once let go
Out from the *Archers* well commanded bow,
Affronts the Clouds; at laſt, having ſpent the ſtore
Of his ſmal ſtrength, fals down, and ſeemst'adore
Th'inferior Earth, which, with a welcome, hides
His down-caſt head within her wounded ſides;

Where

Where he remains, and ſcorns to be withſtood:
Man can be any thing, but what is good.
And cannot *Man* be good? ſtrange kind of tone!
What? has he wept himſelfe into a ſtone,
Like *Niobie?* no ſure; I fear his eyes
Were never loaded with ſuch large ſupplies:
Ah, could he weep a flood, *Heav'n* that prepares
His eares to hear, would bottle up his tears
In his remembrance; every drop ſhould ſhine
Like *Pearls* abſconded in a golden *Myne:*
His *ſins* command a *deluge*; could his head
Be turn'd into a *fountaine*, could he ſhed
An *Ocean* at a drop, it could not cover
His ſins (which are mountainous) from the Lover
Of real *drops* for he would ſoon diſcry
Thoſe ſand excelling *crimes*, where ere they lie:
Yet would his *Soul* ſo much compaſſionate
The flowing ſorrows of his wat'ry ſtate,
That with a calming hand he would remove
His rocky *ſins*, and hide them with his Love;
He would have pity, and with ſpeed conſent
To expreſs his *love*, when all our *tears* are ſpent.
Should *Heav'n*, who juſtly may, for every *ſin*
Drop down a *plague*, and make it live within
Mans guilty Soul, the world would quickly be
Transform'd, and chang'd into a *leproſie*.

Let none diſpair, for *Heav'ns* known mercies can
Out-infinite the greateſt *ſins* of *man.*
Oh love beyond degree! Shall *Heav'n* indulge
Himſelf to *Man?* and ſhall not *Man* divulge
A gratefulneſs to him, whoſe hand prepares
To wipe away his ſin-polluted *cares?*
Ungrateful *Miſcreant*, how canſt thou view
Thy former *miſeries*, and not renew
Thy thanks to him, whoſe *power* ſet thee free,
And brought thee back from thy *captivity*?
Haſt thou abandon'd *Love?* Wilt thou imprint
Thy *Soul* with baſeneſs? Ah, what obvious flint
Hath turn'd Affections edg? What, art thou bent
To ſhoot at him, that labours to prevent
The arrows of thy ruine, which will fly
Into thy breſt, except he puts them by?
Haſt thou transform'd thy heart into a rock
That will not move? Shall mercy call and knock,
And thou not hear? What? haſt thou arm'd thy heart
With ſenſleſs marble, that no flaming dart
Of love can enter? Haſt thou vow'd to ſtand
In oppoſition? Cannot *Gods* Command
Force thee to bow? Art thou reſolv'd to ſport
With thy deſtruction, and not yeild the Fort?
Oh yeild be times; do not reſolve to be
Too much a ſlave to Infidelitie:

For

For know (frail *wretch*) thy ſtrēgth conſiſts in clay;
When *Mercy*'s loſt, then *Judgment* finds the way.
Rally thy thoughts together, and throw down
Thy brazen walls, thy yeilding yeilds a Crown:
For 'tis in vain to oppoſe an arm that can
Out-graſp the meaſure of ſo ſmall a ſpan,
Alas, Alas! it may be quickly ſeen
What a large diſproportion is between
Thy God, and thee: Conſider, he is all,
And thou art nothing; what can be more ſmall?
Or what more great? for he is infinite,
And thou art finite: He is full of light,
And thou of darkneſs; He is fill'd with love,
And thou art ſtuff'd with baſeneſs; He's a *Dove*,
And thou a *Worm*: Thus, thus thou mayſt diſcry
His *firmneſs*, and thine own *infirmity*.
Then be not obſtinate, but ſtrike the ſails
Of thy deſires to him that never fails;
And know, 'tis eaſie in an inch of time
To take a *worm* ingarriſon'd with ſlime;
For ſuch a thing thou art, and all thy power
Muſt yeild to *Heav'ns* aſſaults; thy *April* ſhowre
Has no continuance: therefore do not ſtrive
Againſt a God, whoſe Wiſdom can contrive
What pleaſes him: Alas! thy ſtate is grounded
Upon contingencies, thou art compounded

Of nothing but uncertainties; thy arm
Assumes no power, except it be to harm
Thy wilful self: Then why wilt thou contend
With him that importunes to be thy friend?
Thy friend, (soul-saving word) what higher bliss
Can crown a heart, then such a Friend as this?
Oh life of Ravishment! how can it be
A *God*, a *worm*, and yet a sympathie?
Strange condescention! was the like e're known,
Or spoke by any mouth, except his own?
His balmy breath declares, that he will save
And succor those that faithfully do crave
His blest assistance: Hark, and hear him say,
Ye that are heavy loaded, come away,
Oh come to me, I am content to bear
Your burthens, and extenuate your care.
What higher note of love was ever strain'd
To any ear? Oh how hath man obtain'd
So great a friendship! 'Tis a happy lot,
Nay, and a wonder not to be forgot.
And yet it is not strange, that he should prove
So true a Lover, that's compos'd of Love,
And can do nothing else: If he correct,
'Tis for thy crimes; he only has th' effect
Of anger: for his grieved Spirit moans
To punish sinners, and to hear their groans.

His

s Soul takes no delight to cruſh to death
e offending priſoners of th' inferior Earth:
e is the rich Exchequor of all good,
nd is by nothing (except man) withſtood.
ll things perform what they was made to do,
t only man, that ſtrives to prove untrue
o his Creator: nothing can be found
ithin thy breaſt, but that which is unſound.
ow ſad it is to hear th' Almighty ſay,
e nouriſh'd children, that are gone aſtray,
nd ſcorn to own me! Oh rebellious duſt!
at hate my paths, becauſe my ways are juſt.
e *Ox* will know his Owner, and the *Aſs*
s Maſters crib; but *Iſrael*, alas,
ill not acknowledg me, but have deſtroy'd
hemſelves, & made their underſtandings voyd:
s not my fury then juſt cauſe to ſwell,
cauſe they can do nothing but rebel?
Nefandeous Creature, how canſt thou endure
y wretched ſelf? Ah, why wilt thou procure
hine own deſtructions? Shall all *creatures* be
edient to their *owners*, only thee?
nd wilt thou not acknowledg him that gave
rge bleſſings to thee, and deſires to ſave
y ſoul from torments, if thou wouldſt incline
y will to his, whoſe thoughts are all divine?

For-

What is; Horrid wicked, not to be Named.

Forget obduracy, and learn the art
Of loving him, that loves an upright heart:
Go ruminate upon thy baſe eſtate,
And be, unto thy ſelf, compaſſionate.
Yeild to thy Maker with a cheerful brow?
Firſt know what 'tis to love, and after, how.
Love is the *Laws* fulfiller; he that will
Love God aright, muſt practiſe how to fill
His Soul with true affection; for the ways
Of *Heav'n* are pav'd with Love: Immortal prai
Attend his Courts; He that forgets to Love
Forgets his God: They that deſire to prove
Heav'ns amatorious Gueſts, muſt firſt admire
How ſuch a ſpark as Man came to aſpire
To ſuch a flame, and how he came to be,
Not only *Earths*, but *Heav'ns*, Epitomie:
Be ſerious then, and let thy thoughts reflect
Upon *Heav'ns* goo ineſs, and thy diſreſpect.
God out of Nothing (except Love) compil'd
This ſpacious World, as it ſome princely child
Were to be born: His providential care
Was (as it were) ambitious to prepare
The quinteſſence of pleaſures to invite
Some ſtately Gueſt to banquet with delight.
Firſt he extracted from a darkſom Cell
A glorious Light, whoſe beauty pleas'd him we
The

Belonging to Love.

en he prepar'd a *Canopie*, inlayd
th glittring *pearl*, whoſe twinkling luſter made
Heav'nly ſhew; and afterwards his hand
ht back the waters from the naked Land:
en he commanded, that the Earth, being come
from the Oceans new delivered womb,
uld be adorn'd with an imbroidered Gown,
at ſo her new-warm'd bowels might abound
th ſeveral fruits. ———

——— Thus having playd his part
on this Theatre, this life of art,
uſhe'd in a thing, which pleas'd him beſt,
He made the Feaſt, and after made the Gueſt; y
ll'd by the name of *Man*, a naked, ſmall,
ddiſty, ſhiftleſs Creature; this was all,
dall this nothing, but a limp of death,
till inſpir'd by *Heav'ns* all-quickning breath.
in ſimple wretch; ah, how could'ſt thou behave
y ſelf before a *Judg*, ſo great, ſo grave?
dſt thou but ſeen thy ſelf, thou would'ſt have
y ſelf to death, and with a bluſh, dety'd (cry'd
y baſe eſtate, to think that thou ſhould'ſt be
mes moſt rude and baſe *Anatomie*.
uldſt thou expect that *Heav'n* would entertain
ing ſo poor? ſo weak? ſo vile? ſo vain?

Which

Which, like a ſpark blown from a new-made fi
Can only ſhew it ſelf, and then expire,
Was it for this the All-Creator made
Such large Proviſion? Was't for this he layd
Such rich Foundations? Was't for this his Pow
Deckt this well-pleaſing odoriferous Bower?
Was it for this (this little world) he form'd
A world ſo great? Was it for this he warm'd
The Earths chill boſom? Was't for this he ſpen
His ſix days labour? Was't for this intent
He made a *Paradiſe?* where *Flora* ſpread
Her fragrant Off-ſpring, and made Earth a bed
Of rare compounded Pleaſures, where he plac'd
This new-come *Gueſt*, whoſe very looks diſgrac
The face of beauty, to whoſe thriftleſs hand
He gave that *Government*, with this Command.

Of all the trees that here thou doſt behold,
Thy lips being authoriz'd, thou mayſt be bold
To taſte with freedom, only one, which I
Conjure thee from, therefore reſtrain thine eye
From luſting after it; if not, thy breath
Shall glut it ſelf in everlaſting death:
Forget not my Commands, but let thy breſt
Be always faithful, and thou ſhalt be bleſt.

Thus the *Recorder* having ſpoke at large
This well-deliv'red (although ill-kept) Charg
He after ſaid;

is not good that man ſhould be alone
ithout a help, Ile therefore make him one.
h ſacred prudence! Here we may diſcern
ſweet Conjunction; here our Souls may learn
iſdom and Love, both which, if not enjoy'd,
caſures prove vanities, and bleſſings voyd.
ev'n, whoſe unidle art-ful hand had ſet
an, as Jewell, in his Cabinet,
hought it unfit, that thoſe delights which he
d made by his moſt powerfull Love, ſhould be
nopoliz'd by one, he therefore laid
Adam aſleep, and having done, he made
t of a crooked rib (ſtrange kind of art)
woman, fair, compleat, in every part;
y, and a helper too: for in concluſion
t helpt poore *Adam* to his own confuſion.
h moſt deteſted deed! Unconſtant wife,
prove a Traytor to thy husbands life
ſoon as made: Fond wretch, could nothing ſuit
th thy nice pallate, but forbidden fruit?
, could thy longing lie no longer hid?
hat? did'ſt thou long, becauſe thou wert forbid?
as there no tree that could content thy eye,
t only that which was forbidden? Fie,
ſhame to think thou ſhouldſt ſo quickly waſte
ine hours of pleaſure for a minutes taſte:

Couldſt

Couldst thou not like, or fall in love with any
But that? *Heav'n* had but one, & thou hadst ma
Wherewith to please thine appetite; and yet
Wouldst thou prove so ambitious, as to sit
Upon the highest twigg? Ah, could th'advice
Of Satan tempt thee to this avarice
With so much ease, and make thee rashly do
So foul a deed, and tempt thy *Adam* too?
Prepostrous wretch, how hast thou spread a do
Over thy head? What? didst thou think to shro
Thy self from vengeance? Having eat thy dea
Couldst thou expect to live? O no, thy breat
Offended *Heav'n*: but ah, hadst thou but thou
(Before thy heart had entertain'd a fault
So great as this) what 'twas to dye, thy mind
Had made thee more abstemious, and confin'd
Thy base inordinate desires; thy meat
Had prov'd delightful, and thy comforts great
But now, unhappy now, thy crimes have mad
Thy Soul Deaths debtor, and thou art betray'
By thine own self; therefore prepare to meet
Thy wrathful *Judge*: 'tis said, stoln *goods* are swee
But thine prov'd *sour*, the fruits wch thou hast st
Sugar'd thy mouth, but wormwoodiz'd thy so
When thou hadst eaten, Ah! why didst thou n
Tremble to death, to think thou hadst forgot

T

y Gods *Commands*, & that his Judgments muſt
llow thy ſoul, and blow thee into duſt?
Thus *Eve*, thus *Adam*, having vilipended
eir Gods *Commands*, their happines ſoon ended;
eir joys were turn'd to mourning, & their light
s turn'd to darkneſs, and their day to night:
th being too much conſcious, fled with ſpeed
o hide themſelves from *God*, but not the deed.
Even as ſome poor diſtreſſed wretch deſires
o hide himſelf from the enraged fires
his incenſed Foe, runs up and down
o ſhun the rage of a condemned frown;
laſt obſerving his enquiring Foe
pproach the place, lies ſtill, and dares not blow,
r fear the wordleſs Eccho of his breath
ould ſoon betray him to a ſudden death:
ing at laſt diſcry'd, his throbbing heart
ves an Alarum to each trembling part;
r, like an Earthquake, then begins to ſhake
loos'ned joynts, he knows not how to make
eady anſwer to his foes demands;
, as a ſad convicted man, he ſtands
bjected to his will, that can diſpence
th nothing, but with death, to calm th' offence.
n ſo guilt-loaded *Adam* having done
eed ſo foul, prepares himſelf to run

To

To ſome cloſe ſhelter, where he might immur
His naked body, and repoſe ſecure:
But ah, in vain, in vain he ſtrove to hide
Himſelfe from *God*, that need implore no guid
To teach him where his ſad offender lay;
He needs muſt find, when ſin hath chalk'd th'w
But when *Heav'ns* ſhril-enquiring voyce ſurro
The ears of *Adam*, *Adam* was confounded (
With deep diſtreſs, his heart began to call
His quivering Senſes to a Funerall:
Fear, like a powerfull fire, began to thaw
His frozen thoughts, and keep his Soul in aw
He breath'd in a *Dilemma*, and could find
No Sanctuary for a perjur'd mind:
At laſt the language of th'eternal *God*
Storm'd his ſin-armed Soul, and like a Rod
Whipt him from his ſecurity, and cry'd,
Adam, where art thou? Adam thus reply'd,
I heard thee walking in the pleaſing ſhade
Of the cool ev'ning, and I was afraid,
And hid my ſelf, becauſe I muſt confeſs,
I bluſht to ſee my ſhameful nakedneſs.

GOD. (kno

Tell me, thou trembling wretch, how doſt th
That thou art naked? ſay, who told thee ſo?
Wha

What? has thy lips usurp'd the fruit which I
Conjur'd thee not to touch? if so, reply.

Adam.

The *woman* which thou gav'st me, gave to me,
And I did eat of the forbidden tree.

GOD.

Inconstant *woman*! Ah, why hast thou run (done?
Beyond thy bounds? what's this that thou hast

Woman.

The *Serpents* flowing language swel'd too great
For my low *banks:* he tempted, and I eat.

Gods Curse against the Serpent.

Because thou hast thus subtilty deluded
The lustful *woman*, thou shalt be excluded
From future good; more shall thy curses yield
Then all the *beasts* and *cattle* in the field:
Thy belly shall (because thou hast done this)
Give to the earth a life-remaining kiss;
Thou shalt not taste of any thing that's good,
Dust shall supply the place of wholesome food.
Curst be thy ways, thou shalt no more be seen
By me: I will put enmity between

Thy ſeed and hers; hereafter thou ſhalt feel:
A bruiſed *head*, and ſhe a bruiſed *heel*.

Gods Curſe againſt the woman.

And as for thee, oh *woman*, I'le enlarge
Thy grief and thy conception; I'le diſcharge
Thy joys, and load thee with a weighty grief;
Thy pains in child-bed ſhall find no relief:
Thou ſhalt deſire thy *huſband*, and his hand
Shall over-rule thee with a ſtrict command.

Adams Curſe.

Rebellious *Adam*, unto thee I'le give
A life as bad as *death*, for thou ſhalt live
To ſee thy ſorrows more and more abound,
And for thy ſake I'le curſe the loathed ground;
For thou haſt hark'ned to the conquering voyce
Of thy frail *wife*, and made my fruit thy choyce
And ſepulchred my words within the grave
Of thy falſe *heart*; begon, thou ſelfe-made ſlave
The thorny ground ſhall give a large increaſe
To thy laborious hand; the name of *Peace*
Shall prove a ſtranger to thy ears, and thou
Shalt eat thy bread with a ſweat-dropping brow
I'le murther all thy joys; thy breſt ſhall burn
With flaming care, untill thy corps return

o the bowels of th'incluſive earth, (birth:
m whence thou hadſt thy ſubſtance, and thy
baſe thou art, and therefore thou ſhalt be
ood for gnawing *worms*, and not for me:
thou art duſt, to duſt thou ſhalt retire;
Hereafter let not duſt preſume't aſpire.
ange alteration! Oh pernicious Fate!
o quickly bred in ſuch an infant-*ſtate*!
that but even now enioy'd a life
lanc'd with pleaſures, now is fill'd with ſtrife:
whoſe majeſtick *Soul* was lately crown'd
h bleſt content, is now ingulf'd, and drown'd
orrows *Ocean*; He, which was before
ch'd with happineſs, is now as poor
overty can make him; He, which had
countenance of *Heav'n* to make him glad,
ow eclipſt; he knows not where to run,
having interpos'd between the Sun
his dark *Soul*, the Center of whoſe reſt
ow remov'd, and he ſurvives unbleſt:
which but even now had leave to dwell
revel in *Heav'ns* eye, deſires a Cell
ntertaine him; he, which liv'd in *Peace*,
w thrown down, and forfeited his *leaſe*:
t was his *Crime*, great was his ſudden Fall,
t was his *Tenement*, his rent but ſmall:

Poor *Adam*'s taken by his own decoys;
Sin is the Sequeſtrator of all joys.
Sad *Pilgrim* of the world, where wilt thou find
(In the unpathed earth) a place ſo kind
To entertain thee? Ah, where wilt thou keep
(Thus tumbled from a *Precipice* ſo ſteep)
Thy ſad unpeopl'd randezvouz? Oh where
Wilt thou procure a hand that will unſnare
Th'intangled *Soul*? Alas thy wearied *life*
Hath two moſt ſad companions; firſt a *Wife*,
Then a bad *Conſcience*; what two greater croſſ
Can hang upon a breſt, whoſe cares, whoſe loſſe
Are grown ſo infinit, that no relief,
But what diſtils from Heav'n, can eaſe their grie
Thou wert the firſt of *men* that entertain'd
So grand a ſorrow, thou the firſt that ſtain'd
So pure a colour, thou the firſt that dwelt
In *Edens* garden, thou the firſt that felt
The ſcourge of fury; hadſt not thou tranſgreſt,
Vengeance had found no hand, nor grief a bre
Ah, hadſt not thou offended, ſin had found
No habitation, nor thy *Soul* a wound:
Had not thy hand ſo wilfully unlock'd
The door of *Death*, Deſtruction had not knoc
At thine impenetrable gates, or ventur'd
T'approach ſo near, but being open'd, enter'd

old *Cuſtomer* of fate, that ſought about
o come within, and turn poor *Adam* out; (weak
y ſtrēgth outſtrengthd his ſtrēgth, & made him
veſſel crack'd, how can it chuſe but leak?
n prov'd *Deaths* father, & *mans* heart the womb
at brought it forth; this *death* ſhall find a *tomb*
hen the Determiner of *time* hath hurl'd
finis to the *volume* of the world;
ll then, man (mortaliz'd by ſin) muſt be
ſubject unto *Deaths* Soveraigntie.
Poor man, in what a wilderneſs of ſorrow
oſt thou now ramble in; where wilt thou bor-
minutes reſt; On what inclining ear (row
ilt thou expend thy groans? what canſt thou
t dialects of miſery to vex (hear
y bankrupt thoughts? The fatal diſreſpects
Heav'n will blow and toſs thee up and down
om place to place, his ſtill-renewed frown
ll follow thee; therefore provide t'endure
e hot purſutes of ſuch a fierce purſuer:
nſt thou expect that this thy grand abuſe
hich runs beyond the limits of excuſe)
n be forgotten; Doſt thou think t'out-live
y long-liv'd crimes, or hope for power to give
e ſatisfaction to thy *God*, whoſe rage
y heart cannot endure, much leſs aſſwage?

Moſt lachrymable ſtate! What canſt thou do,
Oh man that may ingratiate or renew
Thy former love? Alas, thy baſe condition
Makes thee incapable of a *Petition.*
Prepare thy ſelfe, ſee if thou canſt invade
His *Soul* with pray'rs, ſee if thou canſt perſwade
His *Heart* to yeeld unto thy ſad requeſt,
And re-inthorne thee with thy former reſt;
Diſſect thy *Soul* with groans, *anatomize*
Thy *heart* with ſighs, and let thy winged cries
Fly through the *angles* of his ſacred ear
And breed a harmony within the ſphere
Of his bleſt *Soul*; be circumſpect, and lay
The beſt foundation; hear what *Heav'n* will ſay

Adams Petition to God.

Incenſed *Father* of eternal light,
Permit a darkened *Soul* t'approach the ſight
Of thine incomparable eye; unmask
Thy anger-clouded Soul, and let me ask
Forgiveneſs for thoſe loading Crimes which pre
My ſtagg'ring *Soul*. I know not whom t'addreſs
My apoſtate *ſelf* unto, but only thee,
Whom I offended; Pleaſe to pity me:
I have no pleaſing Sacrifice t'attone
Thy wrathful *Breſt*, except a hearty groan

That

That's quadrupl'd with grief; Oh deign to look
Upon the lines of my all-blotted book:
Although I'm full of moſt deteſted ſpots,
Yet *Lord*, I know that thou canſt read my blots;
Oh read them then, and let thy mercies run
With thy progreſſive eye; I am undone,
If not forgiven; *Lord* I thee implore
To ſhew ſome mercy to me, thou haſt ſtore,
Diſcipher all my *ſins*, and let them not
Bear record in thy *rouls*, but reſt forgot;
Revoke this *Act* of *death*, that I may ſing
Th'admired mercies of ſo bleſt a *King*.
Oh lift me up, that now am thrown below;
Make not my *Soul* the Cuſtom-houſe of woe.
Oh hear theſe bitter groans that I have ſpent,
And ſend ſome comfort from thy *Parliament*.

Gods Reply.

Thou *skelleton* of baſeneſs, hie thee hence,
Diſturb me not; return, I ſay, from whence
Thou cam'ſt at firſt; thou ſhalt as ſoon remove
A mountain, as my mind: I cannot love,
No nor I will not, nothing ſhall intreat
My reſolutions, for my fury's great.
Begone, proud *Rebel*, do not think thy prayers,
Thy vows, thy groans, thy ſighs, thy ſobs, thy tears

Shall make my breſt their receptacle; No:
How can I be a friend to ſuch a foe?
Surceaſe thy importunities, let fall
Thy high deſires, I will not hear thee call,
Thy ſins have barr'd my ears; I'le not be won
With thy baſe airy words, for thou haſt ſpun
The thread of thy deſtruction, therefore wear
What thou haſt labour'd for, and ſo forbear
T'intrench upon my patience; 'tis in vain
To ſeek for that which thou ſhalt not obtain.
ADAM And is it thus, that *Heav'n* will not regard
My cries? Ah me! and muſt my groans be heard
With diſreſpect by him, whoſe tongue affords
Nothing but grief, invovl'd with bitter words?
Alas, alas! what greater woe can crowd
Into a breſt then to be diſavow'd
By *Gods* high Voyce, whoſe moſt enraged breath
Darts forth the arrows of eternal death?
What ſhall I doe? Oh, whither ſhall I run
To hide my ſelfe, until the glorious Sun
Of his affections uſher in the day
Of welcom Joy? Oh, whither ſhall I ſtray?
If I am ſilent, then my ſilence turns
My thoughts to fire; If ſpeak my ſpeech returns
Trebbl'd with wo, into the brazen Tower
Of my ſad heart, my language has no power

To

work upon his ears, my words (like balls
nded, and thrown againſt th'obdurate walls
yielding breſt) bounds back againe, and breaks
o my heart, and every ſorrow ſpeaks
volume at a word; yet, yet muſt I
turn unheard; 'tis miſery to dye,
d pain to live; thus in deſpair I draw
e loathſom air: *Deſtruction knows no Law.*
ief rains a flood of doubt into my *Soul*;
me! I can do nothing but condole:
m deſpis'd; and if I bend the force
my deſires to him, he will divorce
l thoughts of pity, and with rage re-double
'unſum'd up ſums of my infringing trouble.
I ſail into the *Straits*, both wind and tyde
evail againſt me, and I have no guide
Pilot me unto the long'd-for *Port*
pleaſing happineſs; I am a ſport
threating Ruine, whoſe preſumptuous waves
ut-dares my *Soul*, whilſt every blaſt enſlaves
y reeling *Pinnace*: If I ſtrive to go
wards *Scylla*, *Scylla* will contemn my wo.
as in vain I can expect relief,
ylla will bark at my unbridled grief;
if my head-long veſſel chance to hit
ainſt *Charybdis*; I am torn and ſplit

Into

Into ten thouſand pieces; Oh hard hap!
Thus am I toſſed in Deſtructions lap.
Where ſhall I find a heart that will adviſe
My friendleſs Soul, and audiate my cries?
I will not thus deſiſt, I muſt implore,
He that's loſt once, ſure can be loſt no more.

Adams Petition to God.

Once more, thou *Metropolitan* of all
The ſpacious world, I here preſume to call
Upon thy mercy; Oh let me inherit
The pleaſing fruits of thy re-pleaſed *Spirit*:
I am thy *fabrick*. Oh ſome pity take,
Preſerve the building for the Builders ſake. (ey
Clothe not thy brow with frowns, but let thine
(That reſts inſhrin'd with glorious Majeſty)
Reflect upon my ſorrows; Oh encline
Thy willing ears to hear this grief of mine:
Oh doe not ſay I ſhall as ſoon remove
A mountain as thy heart, thou canſt not love;
Let not ſuch harſh, imbitter'd language flow
Out of a mouth ſo ſweet; I know I know,
Thou art as good as great; oh therefore bow
Thy ſacred ears to hear, oh hear me now:
Beſtow ſome ſcraps on me, that have deſerv'd
Nothing but ſtripes; for I have fondly ſwerv'd
Fro

From thy commands, & have committed treaſon
Againſt thy *Majeſty*: Great *God* of Reaſon,
View my in-humbled *Soul*, ſee how it lies
Before thy ſight, a weeping *Sacrifice*.
I know thou knowſt I am a hainous ſinner,
Yet pity me, that am a young beginner
In this rich art of *begging*: Do not ſlight
My real prayers; I know thou tak'ſt delight
In being merciful; Oh let me not
Return unanſwer'd, or my prayers forgot:
Oh hear the ſorrows of my bleeding ſtate,
Let my complaints make thee compaſſionate,
And let the fervor of my language turn (burn
Thy thoughts to pity; quench theſe flames that
My waſting *Soul*; ſpeak peace to me, that find
A civil war in my uncivil mind:
Oh I have taſted of thy hot diſpleaſure (ſure?
Too much, Ah ſhall thy vengeance know no mea-
Nay 'tis enough; though (*Lord*) I muſt confeſs
I have deſerved more, yet give me leſs.
Thus with a melting heart I end my Suit,
Ah me! how bitter is forbidden fruit!

Gods Reply.

Thou bold-fac'd *Orator*, how dar'ſt thou come
Before me, or be otherwiſe then dumb?

Tell

Tell me, how dar'ſt thou interrupt my breſt?
I hate to ſee thee, or hear thy Requeſt.
Audacious wretch, what, has my Judgmentt made
Thy heart grow peremptory? Have I layd
Too ſmall a burthen on thee? if I have,
I'le lay a greater, thou apoſtate ſlave:
I will not note thee, nor I will not hear
Thy words, which have uſurp'd my deafned ear:
Love thee, for what? be't known, ſad wretch, I
To love a thing ſo baſe, ſo vile, forlorn; (ſcorn
And if I cannot love, how can it be,
That I can pity ſuch a worm as thee?
I'le neither love, nor pity, for my heart
Is *adamantine*; thou ſhalt feel the ſmart
Of my diſpleaſure: Go, my *Soul* diſdains
To look upon thee; thou art fill'd with ſtains,
And ſmel'ſt too much of *fruit* to find reſpect,
Thou art the ſubject of my great neglect:
Thou art a barren *ſoil*, nothing will grow
Upon thy heart, except the ſeeds of woe.
Tell me, from what conceit doſt thou derive
Thy working confidence, that thou dar'ſt drive
Thy language to my ears, and be ſo bold
T'approach my ſight, and wilt not be controul'd?
Art thou reſolv'd to make (what doſt thou mean)
My ears thy ſtage, and every word a ſcean?

Sum

Sum up thy ſmall, thy weak deſerts, and ſee
What large reſpects thou haſt deſerv'd from me.
I plac'd thee in a *garden*, not to eat
The *fruit* forbidden, but to keep it neat:
Had not the violation of my Laws
Mov'd me to anger, thou hadſt had no cauſe
T'ave felt the burthen of my weighty ſtroke,
Or live thus much ſubjected to the yoke
Of thine own ſins; moſt ſhameful is that loſs
That's crown'd with negligence, & great the croſs
That's made with a ſelf-hand; and they that clime
Above their ſtrengths impropriate a crime
To their own *Souls*; Deſtruction is the end
Of all rebellion: *Ruine knows no friend.*
Suppoſe I ſhould inveſt and intertain
Your Soul with love, and call thee back again,
The *tree* is ſtill the ſame, the *fruit* as ſweet,
Thy *appetite* as great, and thou mayſt meet
A *Serpent* too, whoſe oratorious skill
May ſoon entreat thee to enact his will:
He has a *voyce* to tempt, and thou an *ear*
Will re-aſſume the priviledg to hear:
He has a hand to give, and thou another
Freely to take: thus wouldſt thou quickly ſmother
Thy new delights; therefore I will not truſt
A heart that can be nothing but unjuſt.

Thou

Thou great *Mugul* of baſeneſs, ceaſe to plead,
Thy tongue's a canker, and thy words are lead;
Thy *ſins* have made thee not deſerve the air
Thou entertain'ſt; hadſt thou imploy'd thy care
To ſerve me, when I lov'd thee, thou hadſt had
My heart-delighting joys to make thee glad;
But now expect no favour, for no art
Of thine ſhall ever captivate my heart.
Hie thee unto the ſhades of grief, bewail
Thy ſequeſtrated happineſs, no bail
Of thy procuring will I take to ſet
Thy *Soul* at liberty; I will not let
The viſion of a comfort creep within
Thy rambling thoughts, thou art a ſlave to ſin:
Hadſt thou but lov'd or fear'd me at the firſt,
Th'adſt been as happy, as th'art now accurſt:
If now thou lov'ſt me, I ſhall quickly prove
It is for fear alone, and not for love.
Thy heart is ſteel'd with wickedneſs, thy faults
Are ſparks enlivened by thy flinty thoughts.
Breathe out thy groans unto a ſenſleſs rock,
And let thy ſighs (like hammers) beat and knock
Againſt her ſcragged ſides, thou ſhalt as ſoon
Have her conſent, as mine, to grant thy *boon*:
'Tis therefore vain to multiply thy words,
For ah, my breſt, my hardened breſt, affords

Thy

y Soul no pity : and the more thy cry
tempts my ear, the leſs I will reply,
as! thy guilt-o're-burth'ned words renew
eſh thoughts of rage, I cannot hear thee ſue
ithout impatiency ; for ah the longer
ou crav'ſt, thou mak'ſt my fury grow the ſtron-
void my preſence, for I will no more (ger.
ve audience to thy voyce, then ceaſe t'implore.

Adams Lamentation.

Undone, undone ! what mountain now will hide
y lothed body from the ſwelling tyde
raging Vengeance ? Whither ſhall I fly
involve my Soul with true ſecurity ?
retch, ſtretch my lungs, and roar unto the deep
entertain me : Oh that I might ſleep
thin her wavey bowels, till the blaſt (paſt.
Heav'ns all-ſhaking thundring Voyce were
h that ſome rock would hear my ſad requeſt,
nd give me burial in her frigid breſt !
h that my grief extended voyce could cleave
e ſolid Earth, and make her to receive
y wretched limbs ! Oh that ſome ranging beaſt
ould prove ſo courteous to devovr, and feaſt
pon my corps ! Oh that I could contrive
way to live, and yet not be alive !

Ah

Ah, thus my ſorrow-ſhaken fancy flies
And envies at impoſſibilities.
I fain would dye, but that I have no heart
To kill my ſelf, and yet I feel a ſmart
Tranſcending death; I ſee I cannot ſhun
The wrath of *Heav'n*: Ah, thus I am undone
By my own doing, this it is to eat
Forbidden *fruit*: Oh moſt pernicious meat!
I was too raſh, and raſhly have I taken
A deadly fall, and falling, am forſaken:
I'm bruiſ'd to death, and yet I cannot dye;
Ah, what can be ſo much unbleſt as I?
I am inflamed, and I dayly drench
My *Soul* with tears and yet I cannot quench
My raging fires; the more I ſtrive t'aſſwage
And mitigate my pains, the more they rage.
What ſhall I do, or whither ſhall I go,
To hide me from this *Labyrinth* of Wo?
I am compos'd of ſorrow, and my veins,
Inſtead of blood, are fill'd with griping pains.
Curſt be theſe eyes of mine, which have let in
The lawleſs tyrant of imperious Sin:
Curſt be theſe lips of mine, which at the ſuit
Of my fond wife receiv'd forbidden fruit:
Curſt be theſe ears, that entertain'd the charms
Of that inchantreſs, which procur'd my harms

Curſt be theſe hands of mine, which took, and fed
My greedy *Soul*, and ſtruck my Conſcience dead:
And now my *lips*, my *ears*, my *hands*, my *eyes*,
Muſt ſee, hear, taſte, and feel, my miſeries.
Oh ſad condition! Since there's no relief,
I muſt be ſubject to perpetual grief.
Here we will leave poor *Adam* in the ſtate
Of woe, and thus begin to ruminate.
Are there not many in this toilſom age
That meditate themſelves into a rage,
And wonder how a *Serpent* could expreſs
Himſelf, and reaſon with ſuch readineſs.
Being by nature brute, nay and the worſt
Of living *creatures*, that he ſhould at firſt
Perſwade and conquer, and inſtruct his will,
How to determine both of good and ill?
It would ſeem ſtrange, if Reaſon were without
Her wings, and could flie above this doubt:
We may (and yet not ſtain the truth) declare
It was the work of *Satan* to enſnare
Frail *Eve*; although he was not nam'd at all
By *Moſes* in the Hiſt'ry of the *Fall*,
It may not trouble us, for we muſt know,
The bending *Serpent* was the *Devils* bow,
By which he ſhot the arrows of his ſpite,
Which did [Oh grief to ſpeak it!] flie too right:

And he that dares ſo high a Crime to act
(Though by another) needs muſt own the fact:
And this our tongues may never ceaſe to tell,
The *Serpent* was the Inſtrument of *Hell*,
Tun'd to the *Devils* voice: thus we may ſee
His fraud, his malice, and his ſubtiltie.
Firſt when he ſaw he could not over-turn
The great *Creator*, he begun to burn
With flames of envy, lab'ring to invade,
And ſo diſturb that order *God* had made
In the Creation, and to change the features
Of his own *Image* in the beſt of Creatures,
That ſo he may by his too-ſooth deluſion
Make *man* run headlong to his own confuſion:
Thus having laid the platform of his work,
He then begun to agitate, and lurk
For opportunity, which was effected
As ſoon, nay if not ſooner, than expected;
He gave the blow, and by that blow he found
The weakeſt *veſſel* had the weakeſt ſound;
But yet it ſtrongly eccho'd to the voice
Of his deſires, and made him love his choice.
Even as ſome bold-fac'd *General*, that dares
To ſtorm a well-man'd Town; at firſt prepares
A potent *Army*, which he ſoon ſets down
Before the Walls of the alarum'd *Town*;

He after views the ruine-threatning-Fort,
Which speaks defiance, and begins to sport
Their severall shots, and with a sad delight
Ingage each other in a bloody fight:
Then if the fierce *Besiegers* once perceive
Themselves out-strength'd, they think it fit to leave
So hot a work, and for a little space
Desist, and fall upon a weaker place,
Where finding smaller opposition, venture
With greater courage, and at last they enter
The yielding *Town*, and cruelly begin
To take revenge of them that are within.
Even so the grim-look'd, malice-armed *Devil*,
The base-resolved *Generall* of Evill,
Perceiving, that he could by no meanes take
The sublime *Fort* of *Heav'n*, plots how to make
A fresh attempt, upon a weaker part,
And so prepares to storme the flexive heart
Of unresisting *Eve*; that could not grapple
With such a *Foe*, but yielded for an Apple
To those most false Alarums which surrounded
Her, much obedient, and soon confounded
Her inward parts, and gave her Soul a wound,
Which cannot be by time or art made sound,
Except the grand Physitian please to slake
His swelling fury, and some pity take.

Thus are our conquer'd parents ſadly left
In a deplor'd condition, and bereft
Of all their comforts; they which have enjoy'd
The life of happineſſe, are now deſtroy'd;
And *man* (his wretched off-ſpring) muſt be made
Sorrowes ſad heir, and Peace muſt not be ſaid
T' inhabit in him. *Adams* actuall ſin
Made ours originall; for we begin,
As ſoon as made, to entertain the gueſts
Of ſin, and lodge them in our infant-breſts.
Now may our weak and deſpicable eyes
Behold in them, our ample miſeries:
Now we may glut the Air with this ſad cry,
The root being dead, the branches needs muſt dye
For *Adam*'s gone beyond all humane call:
Rebellion never ends without a Fall.

But ſtay my *Muſe*, here let us reſt a while;
Our *Journey*'s long, and 'tis not good to toil
Too much at firſt, for *Reaſon* ſayes 'tis beſt
To pauſe a time, and take a little reſt:
Know then (kind Reader) that my *Muſe* ſhall me
Thy ſerious eyes within another ſheet.

The end of the firſt Book.

THE SECOND BOOK OF *GODS LOVE.* AND *Mans Unworthiness.*

ARe all hopes fled? and is there no relief?
Muſt *man* ſtill wander in the ſhades of grief?
Will not the eye of *Heav'n* be pleas'd to ſhine
Upon his *Soul*, but leave him in the brine
Of his own *ſins*? Is there no warbling voice
Can charm his ears, and woo him to rejoice

In being pitifull? Will nothing move
The much incenſed Soul of *Heav'n* to love?
Man [Map of Miſery] who can prevail
In thy requeſts? Or who cut off th' entail
Of thy diſtreſſe? 'Tis not a writ of *Error*
Can ſatisfie, or guard thee from the terror
Of thine own *Conſcience*, which will alway ſtare
Upon thy face, and load thee with diſpair:
'Tis not a *Habeas Corpus* will remove
The body of thy *ſin*, none can diſprove
The Will of *God*, what he reſolves to doe
Muſt neither be withſtood, nor div'd into:
It lyes beyond thy power to perſwade
Thy *God* to pity, whom thy ſins have made
A wrathfull *Judge*; what he intends, muſt be
Derived from himſelf, and not from thee;
For thou haſt nothing in thee worth the name
Of good, becauſe thy glory's turn'd to ſhame:
Thou art corrupt and vile in every part,
And who can know the evill of thy heart;
Which like the *Ocean*, that no art nor eye
Can ſearch her bottome, or her banks diſcry:
Therefore till *heav'n* ſhall pleaſe to change the ſtate
Of thy condition; *Reaſon* bids thee wait;
For be aſſur'd, the promis'd *ſeed* will ſpread
It ſelfe abroad, and bruiſe the *Serpents* head.

Even

Even as the *Fountain*, whoſe exuberous breſt
Is alwaies fluent, and admits no reſt;
But with a cheerfull willingneſſe ſhe ſends
Her cryſtal tokens to her ſmaller friends.
Even ſo our *God* diſtilleth from above
The healing ſtreams of his refreſhing love;
For ah the luſtre of his Sun-bright eye
Is drown'd in tears, when our ſad Souls prove dry!
Oh admiration! that a *God* ſo juſt
Should rain down floods upon a heap of duſt!
Oh Mercy! that ſo much incens'd a *God*
Should ſend forth *Mercy*, and keep in his *Rod!*
His *Soul* is fill'd with pity, and his eyes
Begin to view th' unſatiate miſeries
Of *Adams* down-caſt off-ſpring: Though his ear
Seems unto us reſolved not to hear
Their bitter cries, nor note the ſad Devotions
Of their contriſted hearts; yet by the Motions
Of his bleſt *Soul*, he ſends his Son and Heir
Into this wretched world, that he might bear
The *Croſs* of our Tranſgreſſions, and expell
The clouds of *ſin*, and conquer *Death* and *Hell:*
Thus by his death we liv'd, and by his grief
Our new-calm'd *Souls* were furniſht with relief.
Oh ſudden change! That winde which did before
Drive wretched *man* upon the threat'ning ſhore

Of unavoiding *ruine*, fills the sails
Of his desires with milde and prosperous gales;
The *Boreas* of his sin does now surcease
His full-mouth'd blasts, and *Zephyrus* speaks peace
Into his shipwrack'd *Soul*, and now he rides
Upon the new-tam'd backs of pleasing Tydes.
Oh that my tongue were able to rehearse
The Love of *God* with an Angelike Verse!
Oh that some heav'nly Deity would fill
The black mouth'd concave of my wandring quill
With pure celestial Ink, that I might write
In heav'nly characters, and learn t'indite
Jehovahs praises in a style as high
As my desires, and make the lofty Skie
Eccho with *Hallelujahs*, that the Earth
May (like a Midwife) hug the joyful birth
Of every word, and make each corner ring
(With peals of Joy) the Glories of our King:
Is man deliver'd from the painful womb
Of his foul *sin*, and raised from the tomb
Of everlasting *death*? and shall not we
Applaud that hand which set such pris'ners free?
What, shall we be afraid to crack and break
The chains of silence, and attempt to speak
The dialects of *Angels*? No: let's call
Upon his name, that rais'd us from a Fall.

Let's

t's ſtretch our lungs, and with a warbling breath
ng to the life, how we were rais'd from death:
nd when our tongues are wearied, let's expreſs
heav'nly ſigns our real thankfulneſs.
t ſtay, where runs my quill? what, have I loſt
y ſelf in raptures? or elſe am I toſt
to the air of pleaſure by the winde
f true delight? If Paſſion proves ſo kinde,
m content, Oh may I alwaies reſt
dorn'd and crown'd with a Heav'n-raviſht breſt!
love ineffable! Muſt wretched *Man*,
he ſpawn of baſeneſs, and the unmeaſur'd ſpan
f everlaſting infancy, be made
oves object? Muſt th' *Almighty*'s love be ſaid
o dwell in *Man*, whoſe tongue cannot deliver
he leaſt of thanks unto ſo great a Giver?
Will the Sun-gazing *Eagle*, that ſoars high,
eſcend t' aſsiſt the web-infolded Fly?
Vill he that hearkens with a willing ear
o pleaſing muſick, turn away to hear
onfounding diſcords? or will any woo
perjur'd *enemy* to come and go
to his *Courts*? will any hand forbear
o ſtrike at him that labours to impair
is worth, and contumelioufly upbraid
is upright deeds? Will he that is betray'd

Affect

Affect the *Trayter*, and with patience ſue
For reconcilement, when as *death* is due?
All this bleſt *Heav'n* will doe, that he might place
Vain *man* within the Covenant of Grace.
Conſider *man*, how often hath this mirror
Of pure affection woo'd thee from thine error?
Thou unconſiderate duſt, which every winde
Can puff away, how canſt thou prove unkinde
To ſuch a *Lover*, that delights to ſpin
His bowels out, to nouriſh thee within
His milky boſom? Shall his bounty crave
Thy baſe acceptance? ſhall he be a *ſlave*
To his own *ſlaves*? Ah, ſhall thy *God* implore,
And beg of beggars to receive his ſtore?
Does he, whom *Heav'n* and *Earth* cannot contain,
No nor the *heav'n* of *heav'ns*, ſtoop down to gain
Thy dull reſpects? And ah, wilt thou not raiſe
Thy ſtupid *Sonl* an inch to give him praiſe?
Thy fervent prayers he alwaies will admit,
Then how canſt thou remember to forget
A *God* ſo mindfull? How canſt thou forbear
To numerate his love without a tear?
How can thine eyes (when thou obſerv'ſt the Sun)
Refuſe to weep to ſee him daily run
His painfull progreſs, and rejoice to greet
The earth with luſtre to direct thy feet,

Th

thy ſinfull feet, which every moment ſlide
into *Rebellion*, loaded with thy pride; (ground
How canſt thou chooſe, when thou beholdſt the
Whereon thou treadſt, but voluntary drownd
thy ſelf in briny floods, to think what care
Indulgent *Heavn* hath taken to prepare
For thee, before thou wert, and how his hand
Hath for thy profit, fertiliz'd the Land?
How can thy rocky *heart* refuſe to vent
A ſtream of blood, when thou beholdſt th' extent
Of the unbounded *Ocean*, how it hides
Within the boſome of her ſwelling Tydes,
Diverſities of *fiſh*, which live to feed
Thy gulf of gluttony at time of need?
Uncloud thy thoughts (*O Man*) and thou ſhalt ſee
He who ordained all theſe things for thee,
Created thee for him, that thou may'ſt give
The praiſe to him, that lends thee leave to live.
Be ſerious *Man*, conſider how thou haſt
Converted all theſe bleſſings into waſte:
Know that the great Edificer of things
Furniſh'd thy Soul with Reaſon, gave thee wings
To fly above all mortals, and hath crown'd
Thy head with heaps of honour, and hath bound
Inferior *creatures*, prentice to thy will;
And this he did, becauſe thou ſhould'ſt fulfill

Thy

Thy *Gods* Commands; but thou that wert the be
Haſt made thy ſelf more loathſome than the reſt,
And by thy moſt deteſted deviation
Abus'd thy glory, of thy free *Creation*:
Though the Majeſtick *Eagles* will deſpiſe
To be aſſiſtants to th'intangled *Flies*;
Yet *Heav'n* will from his lofty *Throne* deſcend,
And with a ſpeedy cheerfulneſſe defend
The ſons of *men*, who daily are betray'd
By thoſe inſiduous ſnares which *Satan* lay'd
T' intrap their *Souls*: Alas, how voyd of care
Is heedleſſe *man!* How ſubject to a ſnare!
But he, whoſe more than ſuperficiall love
Is alwayes active, lab'ring to improve
Our hearts with thankfulneſſe, denies to let
Our *Souls* be taken in th' eternall net
Of unconceived miſery, and live
In laſting *death*, not having power to give
The leaſt of drops unto our howling tongues,
But ſuck the flames, untill our ſulphurous lungs
Crackle, and belch forth brimſtone, till we tire
Our Carbonado'd members in a fire
That's inextinct; the more we ſtrive to turn
Our parched *Souls*, ſtill more and more they burn.
Reſolve theſe things within thy ſerious mind;
Oh *Man!* let Love inſtruct thee to be kind

To

To him that's loving; doe not diſreſpect
A *God*, whoſe *Soul* ſo dearly can affect:
Pour out thy thoughts, and practice to relent,
And let thy thoughts induce thee to repent:
Graſp opportunity, Time's alwayes flying;
God's alwayes living, and thou alwayes dying:
Dye then, before thou dy'ſt, redeem the time,
Becauſe thy dayes are evill; learn to clime
Jacobs erected ladder; thou ſhalt ſee
Th'adſt better clime a *Ladder*, than a *Tree*,
As *Judas* did: Be wiſe, and doe not fan
Thy *Soul* with air; remember what a ſpan
Thou art; remember whoſe inſpired breath
Made thee a *Soul*; forget not whoſe ſad death
Made thee alive; be mindfull that thou art
Th' Epitomy of *Heav'n*; inure thy heart
To love the beſt of loves, ſo ſhall thy breſt
Be fill'd with comfort, and thy Soul with reſt:
Prepare and know, the very fowls delight
To prune their wings before they take their flight.
Although terreſtiall *Kings* will not permit
A *Traytor* to his Courts, nor let him ſit
Before his preſence, though they will not hear
A Malefactors prayers; yet *Heav'ns* bleſt ear
Is alwayes open, and his tongue invites
Repentant ſinners, for his eye delights

To view them in his Courts when they appear;
For muddy waters, may at laſt prove dear;
'Tis not unlike; ill ſcented dunghills may
At laſt bear flowers; that which is foul to day,
To morrow may prove fair; the thing that coſt
Millions of ſilver, may as well be loſt,
As things of ſmaller value; *Heav'n* can ſpy
A mite, as well as mountains; for his eye
Is lodg'd in every cranny of mans heart,
And he knowes all, that ſearches every part.
Where breathes that Mortall that can comprehend
The wayes and thoughts of *God*, who knowes the end
Of his beginning? ———

He that can break a rocky heart in twain,
And re-unite it (if he pleaſe) again;
He that can part the boiling waves, and ſtand
Upon the *Seas*, as on the dryeſt Land;
He whoſe celeſtiall power can make the graves
To open, and command their ſlumb'ring ſlaves
To riſe; nay more, to ſtand; nay more, to walk;
Nay more (if more then this may be) to talk:
He that can make a *Whale* to entertain
A *Jonah*, and to ſpue him out again;
He whoſe Almighty power can unlock
The flinty bowels, of a ſcragged Rock,

And

nd make her headlong-guſhing ſtreams abound
o waſh the boſom of the thirſty ground;
e that can tranſmutate by power divine
he pooreſt *water* into richeſt *Wine*;
e that can curb rude *Boreas*, and aſſwage
he lawleſs paſſion of the Oceans rage;
e that can rain-down *Manna* to ſupply
he craving ſtomacks of mortality;
e that can, like an all-commanding *God*,
ake *Almonds* flouriſh from a ſapleſs rod;
e that can make the *Sun* and *Moon* ſtand ſtill,
r run according to his ſacred Will;
e that ſav'd a *Daniel* from the paws
f *Lyons*, and can muzzle up their jaws;
e that can make the greedy Ravens carry
ood to his Servants like a *Commiſſary*;
e that can, with an unreſifted hand,
aſh fire into Ice, and counter-mand
he wanton flames, and charm them, that they dare
ot burn his ſervants cords, and not their hair;
e that can cauſe *ten thouſand* to be fed
Vith two ſmall *fiſhes*, and five *loaves* of bread;
e that can clothe himſelf with fire, and name
imſelf, *I AM*, and make a buſh to flame
Vithout conſuming; He that can convert
Rod into a *Serpent*, and not hurt;

He

He that can make his viſage ſhine ſo bright,
That not a *Moſes* can behold the light;
He that can ſtrike a hand with leproſie,
And cure it in the twinkling of an eye;
He that can in a moment cut and break
Tongue-tying cords, and make the dumb to ſpeak;
He that can out of unregarded ſtones
Raiſe unto *Abraham* many little ones;
He that can heal the *Cripple* with a touch,
And free him from the thraldom of his Crouch;
He that can cure the *deaf*, and can expell
A thouſand *Devils* in deſpite of *Hell*;
He that can perfect what he firſt begun,
Expects that *man* ſhould ſay, *Thy will be done.*
Conſider *Man*, and thou ſhalt finde it true,
Heav'n can doe all, but what he will not doe:
Think not, becauſe thou art of low eſtate,
That he will ſcorn to love, and love to hate:
Remember *Dives*, whoſe unſumm'd up ſtore
Improv'd ſo much, untill he prov'd as poor
As ever *Job* was: *Job!* unhappy I
To ſpeak it, he was rich in poverty;
Heav'n made poor *Job* ſo rich, that *Satans* wealth
Could purchaſe nothing from him, but his health,
And that corporeal too; he could not boaſt
His bargain, for 'twas *Job* that purchas'd moſt.

"Happ

Happy is he that can at last inherit
Riches obtain'd by an impov'rish'd spirit:
We'd better lick with *Lazarus* the crumbs,
Then gripe with *Dives* for Soul-damning sums.
Welth cannot bride the flames, yet scraps may feed
The hungry wretch; he that has wealth, may need
The *crumbs* of comfort: *David* did condole
Th'abundant famine of his hungry *Soul:*
Gods love's not mercenary, to be sold
For brain-distracting, heart-confounding gold.
Hast thou not heard *(O man)* the heav'nly cry
Of him that says, Ye that are poor, come buy,
Come buy of me; your pen'worth shall be such,
That for a little you shall purchase much.
Here's Love that's spun unto the smallest thred,
Tho thou want'st mony, yet thou maist have bread:
Do thou but ask, thou shalt not fail to have;
For *God's* more free to give, then thou to crave:
Fear not to ask of him, whose ready ear,
Before thy tongue can ask, is apt to hear.
Heav'n loves the language of a broken heart,
And he will harken, and with joy impart
His love unto thee, and his milk and wine,
Without the price of mony shall be thine.
Th'ingrated *pris'ner*, whose dull tongue is whet
With sharp'ned hunger, will not fear, to let

His language fly to every eare that comes
Within his audience; and he alwayes sums
The totalls of his griefe in hungry words,
Whilst thousands passe along, but few affords
The blessing of an *Alms* perhaps they'l grieve,
And seem to pity, but will not relieve:
Yet will he not desist, but hourly cry,
Bread, bread, for Heav'ns sake bread, or else I dye.
Hard hearted *Man*, why wilt thou not relent
To hear thy *brother*, almost hunger-spent,
Craving thy succour? Where's thy love become?
Because th'art deaf, ah! woldst thou have him dumb?
Or dost thou think, because thy panch is fill'd,
He cannot hunger? He that first distill'd
Those mercies on thy head, expects that thou
Shouldst feed thy *brother* with a cheerfull brow;
Say not thou canst not give, thy treasure's light:
But let thy heart record the *widowes* mite,
So *Heav'n* will fill thy Cisterns to the brim,
And feed thy *Soul*, because thou hast fed him.
Should the *Grandfather* of true Charity
Passe by the gates, and heare thee beg and cry,
And not relieve thee; should he slight thy prayers,
And scorn to take a survey of thy tears;
Wouldst thou not grieve, and pine thy self to dust,
And almost say thy *God* was much unjust,

To

To turn away his ears from thy complaint,
And diſreſpect thy pray'rs, and let thee faint
For want of Food? Ah, whither wouldſt thou fly
To feed thy famiſh'd *Soul*, ſhould *Heav'n* deny?
But ah he cannot, for his melting Soul
Is alwayes free, and willing to condole
The ſad conditions of diſtreſſed *Man*,
Who only ſtrives to doe, but what he can
To contradict him; yet he'l heare our grief:
In multitudes of mercies lies relief.
When our impris'ned *Souls* peep through the grates
Of this corrupting *Earth*, our *God* dilates
Himſelf unto us, and he ſends us meat
From the rich ſtore-houſe of his lofty Seat;
He hears; and hearing pitties; pittying, ſends;
And ſending, bleſſes; and with bleſſing ends.
Even as the Sun, which every day ſurrounds
The ſublime *Globe*, and pries into the bounds
Of this dark *Center*; lets his Beams reflect
Upon a molehill with as much reſpect
As on a Mountaine; for his glorious Beams
Shine alwayes with equivalent extreams.
Even ſo the great and powerfull *three* in *one*,
That ſits upon his all-inlight'ning *Throne*,
Does not deny to let his mercy crown
The pooreſt *Peaſant* with as much renown

As the moſt ſtatelieſt *Emperor*; though he
Inveſts his body with more dignitie,
Yet he's but earth, and muſt at laſt decay,
For *Prince* and *Peaſant* go the ſelf-ſame way;
Their earth muſt turn to earth, their *Souls* return
To him that gave them, or for ever burn;
There's no diſtinction, one infuſed breath
Made them alike, and both muſt live in death,
Or everlaſting life; both muſt commence
Divines in *Heav'n*; ther's no preheminence,
But all equality, all muſt expreſs,
With equal Joy, their equal Happineſs.
Rouze up dull *man*, and let thy wak'ned *Soul*
Be vigilate; oh let thy thoughts enroul
The love of *God*, engrave it in thy breſt,
That his reſounding tongue may read thee bleſt.
O let thy ſighs, like Pens, and let thy tears
Like Ink, tranſcribe the *Love*, th' indulgent cares
Of thy *Creator*, that himſelfe may find
(Within th'unblotted volume of thy mind)
Himſelfe recorded, ſo will he imbrace
Thy ſpotleſs *Soul*, and fill thee with his grace.
Incline thine ears, and let thy heart rejoyce
To hear the ſtrains of his harmonious voyce:
Harken, and thou ſhalt hear his *Prophets* ſing
Th'admired Mercies of the glorious *King*.

Thus

Thus ſaith the *great*, and ever-living *One*, *Iſa.*
That rules the *heav'ns*, & governs *earth* alone, 43.
Thus ſaith the *Lord*, that takes delight to dwel 1
Amongſt his *Saints*, that formed *Iſrael*,
Created *Jacob*, let thy ſorrows flee
Out of thy breſt, I have redeemed thee:
'Twas I that made thy clouded viſage ſhine,
And call'd thee by my Name, for thou art mine.
I will be with thee, when thy feet ſhall wade 2.
Thorow the waters; I will be thy aid:
Ile make thee walk thorow rivers, and the waves
Shall prove ambitious to become thy ſlaves:
And when thou walkeſt through the raging fire,
Th'unruly flames ſhall not preſume t'aſpire
Or kindle on thy garments. I alone 3
The *Lord* thy *God*, and *Iſraels* holy *One*,
And thy dear *Saviour*, that was always true,
Gave *Egypt*, *Seba*, and *Ethiopia* too,
To ranſom thee; for thou wert my delight, 4
And always Pretious in my gratious ſight:
Honors were heap'd upon thee, and thou wert
The tender *love* of my affecting *heart*;
Therefore even *I*, that am well pleas'd, will give
People for thy dear ſake, that thou mayſt live.
Fear not, for I am with thee, and Ile ſtand 5
In thy defence, and my all-graſping hand

Shall bring thy ſeed from the remoteſt places,
And fill thee with my ſatisfying graces.
6. My tongue ſhall call unto the *North*, and ſay
Unto the *South*, Give, and they ſhall obey;
Bring from a far my *ſons* and daughters all,
Hear my loud voyce, be active when I call.
7. I have created them, and I proclaime
They ſhall be call'd and honour'd by my Name.
I'le uſher forth the *blind*, and make them ſee
The ſplendent Glories of my *Majeſtie*:
I'le cure the *deaf*, and make their hearts rejoyce
To hear the Ecchoes of my warbling voyce.
Thus hath our *God* unty'd the tongues, and broke
His *Prophets* lips; thus have his *Prophets* ſpoke:
And wilt thou be (O *Man*) ſo much obdure,
As not to credit him that will aſſure
Perpetuall happineſſe? Thou canſt not ask
That which he cannot give; do but unmask
Thy ſhamefac'd *Soul*, that ſo thou mayſt diſcry
Jehovahs mercies with a faithfull eye:
Deſcant upon his promiſes, adviſe
With thine own thoughts, let Reaſon make thee wiſe;
Inſpect thy ſelf, weigh well thine own condition,
And thou ſhalt find thou want'ſt a good Phyſition
To cure thy maculated *Soul*: Alas!
Thou art like water ſtop'd up in a glaſs,

So weakly fortify'd, and fenc'd about,
That one weak knock ſoon lets the *priſ'ner* out.
Vaine lump of vanity, what can this Earth
Afford thy thoughts more then a ſhort-liv'd mirth?
A mirth that fills thee with deluding toyes,
And like a *Tyrant* afterwards deſtroyes. (ſure
Dot'ſt thou on *Earth*? For what? Becauſe her plea-
Can guild thy wanton eye? Becauſe her treaſure
Can cram thy bags? Becauſe her *Sirens* ſong
Can raviſh thee? Becauſe her power can throng
Thy *Soul* with luxury? Becauſe her charms
Can court thee with delight? Becauſe her armes
Can pleaſingly imbrace thee, and impoſt
Thy heart with gold, and lull thee, when th'aſt loſt
Thy ſelf in ſleep? Is this the little All
That this great world can boaſt of? Muſt we call
Theſe things our pleaſures? No, they'l prove our
Our golden *fetters*, and our ſilken *ſnares* (cares,
Theſe are the *Joyes* we love, theſe are the things
That make us fly with our *Icarian* wings
Up to Ambitions *Court*, and there preſume
To gaze ſo long, untill our waxen plume
Diſſolve with heat, and like preſumptuous ſlaves
Tumble our ſelves into the raging waves
Of ſpeedy Ruine; Ruine's all that we
Muſt hope t'obtaine from *Earths* baſe treaſurie.

Let's ſcorn her wealth, and ſay, O *Earth*, thou art
A painted Miſtreſſe with a rotten heart:
Let's hate to love, that we may love to hate
Th'unconſtant glory of her fickle ſtate.
Even as the ſubtle *Crocodile* prepares
Her flatt'ring heart, and eye-commanding tears,
To wooe her *prey* to come within the power
Of her command, that ſo ſhe may devour
With more facility, and make her jaws
To execute by her tyrannike Laws:
Even ſo this *World*, whoſe Crocodile-like eyes
Are always flowing, wanting no ſupplies
Of gliding tears to waſh the rugged faces
Of her deſigns with falſifying graces,
That ſo ſhe may by her too ſmooth deluſion
Make *Man* the Author of his own confuſion.
Frail fleſh and blood, how canſt thou take delight
To love this *world*, that cannot give a mite
Of comfort to thee, but will ſtill intrap,
And daily lull thee in her luſtful lap.
Shee'l rock thy *ſoul* to ruine, and ſhee'l ſpawn
Baſeneſſe into thee; ſhee'l deceive, and fawn
Upon thy heart, and with her guilded baits
Shee'l hook thy *Soul* unto the worſt of fates:
There's nothing in her that deſerves the name
Of Conſtancie; her glory is her ſhame.

Smile

mile at her tears, for every drop ſhe vents
Harbors ten thouſand thouſand diſcontents:
elieve her not; but when ſhe ſpeaks the beſt,
elieve the worſt; and if ſhe promiſe reſt,
ſſure thy ſelfe of trouble; if ſhe chance
o promiſe *treaſure*, let thy thoughts advance
bove her promiſes, contemn her droſs,
or what thou gain'ſt from her will be thy loſs:
et not her wealthy Donatives perſwade
hy heart t' accept; when once thou art betray'd
here's no reſiſtance: They that well adviſe
efore they act, deſerve the name of wiſe:
ut they that ſtudy in her frantick Schools
ay prove her wiſe men; but *Heav'ns* out-caſt fools.
ſke her the way to *Bliſs*: try if her skill
an give directions, aske her if ſhe will
ill thee with bleſt Eternity, conjure
er helpleſs aid, ſee if ſhe can aſſure
ſafety to thee, ask her if ſhe can
reſcribe a cure for a deſpairing Man;
ell her thy *Soul* is ſick, thou canſt not live
minute longer; ſee if ſhe can give
Cordial to thee, ſee if ſhe can heal
broken heart; ſee if ſhe can reveal
eleſtial Joys unto thee, and impart
heav'nly comfort to thy grieved heart;

If

If ſo, cheer up, and proſecute thy mirth,
And ſay there is no other *Heaven* but *Earth*,
Do thus (fond Man) and thou ſhalt quickly ſee
A baffl'd *World*, that cannot anſwer thee,
But muſt be ſilent, for ſhe cannot plead
For her own ſelf; ſhe knowes ſhe cannot lead
The way to *Heav'n*, ſhe's but a bad director,
A baſe *Believer*, and a worſe *Protector*.
Thus ſhalt thou make her envy ſwell and burſt,
And, like the *Baſiliſk*, diſcover'd firſt,
She needs muſt dye; but if ſhe ſhould diſcover
Thee firſt, farewell, th'art murder'd by thy *lover*:
Then ſhalt thou heare the Soul-amazing tone
Of him that ſits on his immortall Throne,
Pronounce againſt thee at the dreadfull day
Of thy accounts; thus ſhalt thou hear him ſay:
Depart, ye curſed off-ſprings of a *father*
As curſt as you, avoyd my ſight, go gather
The fruits of your deſerts; you have forgot
The *God* that made you, and I know ye not:
See if the *world*, within whoſe folding arms
You alwayes ſlept, can quit thee from the harms
That muſt enſue; ſee if her flatt'ring power
Can ſhelter thee, from the o're-flowing ſhower
Of my faſt-dropping rage; ſee if her breſt
Can entertain thee with eternall reſt.

Begone, begone, my fury hates to ſee
Such *Miſcreants*; had you remember'd me,
I now had known you; had you made me eat
When I was forc'd to importune for meat,
I now would bleſſe you with celeſtiall dyet,
And crown your *Souls* with everlaſting quiet:
Had you but quench'd my raging thirſt, or gave
A ſingle drop, that very drop ſhould ſave
Your death-adjudged *Souls*, and you ſhould ſup
Abundant comforts from my ſtreaming cup:
Had you (ſad ſons of vengeance) but ſupply'd
My nakedneſſe with garments, when I cry'd
And call'd upon your charity to ſend
Reliefe unto me, I had been your friend;
Or had your (more then marble) hearts reliev'd
My impris'ned body, now ye had not griev'd;
Had you, you world-affined Souls, addreſt
Your ſelves unto me when I was oppreſt
With ling'ring ſickneſſe, then I would have fed
Your Souls (which now are ſtarv'd) with *heav'nly* (bread;
But ſince you have not done it unto thoſe
Which I eſteem'd, ye'ave prov'd your ſelves my foes:
Therefore begone, let darkneſſe be your lot,
Learn to remember that ye have forgot
My mercies; go, and let my judgments dwell
Within your guilty hearts; let black-mouth'd *Hell*

Plague

Plague you with torments, let him always laſh
Your hearts with flames, until ye howl, and gnaſh
Your teeth together; Go, depart my ſight,
And taſte the fruits of everlaſting night.
But as for you, whoſe better deeds have found
Acceptance in my heart, ye ſhall be crown'd
With unremoved happineſſe, becauſe
Ye have obſequiouſly perform'd my Laws;
You fed my craving ſtomach, and you cloath'd
My naked body, and you have not loath'd
To viſit me; and when I was a ſtranger,
Ye took me in, and guarded me from danger:
Go then my Lambs, and let your *Oratory*
Proclaim the greatneſſe of your *Fathers* glory:
Go revel in my *Courts*; no diſcontent
Shall breed a faction in my *Parliament*:
Ile paſſe an *Act* of *Peace*, and it ſhall be
Sign'd by the hand of my Eternitie.
My tongue ſhall ſtyle you bleſſed, and my voyce
Shall raiſe your *Souls*, and teach you to rejoyce:
Your unexciſed pleaſures ſhall abound
To infinite; your raviſht hearts ſhall ſound
The depth of my delights; all things ſhall move
Within the ſphere of uncontrouled Love:
Be well aſſur'd, your pleaſures ſhall be great;
Then fly from *Judgement* to my *Mercy-ſeat*,

An

nd there rejoyce with a triumphant mirth;
y Love ſhall live with them that hated Earth.
Obdurate *Man*, here, here thou mayſt deſcry
dgment and *Mercy*, one to terrifie,
he other to perſwade; and yet wilt thou
rove adamantine, and refuſe to bow
o thy *Redeemer*? Canſt thou ruminate
pon his *Love*, and yet wilt not delate
hy Soul unto him? Is thy brazen heart
npenetrable? Will no flaming dart
f true affection enter? Haſt thou vow'd
o ſtop thy ears? Shall Mercy call aloud, (rattle
nd thou not hear? Shall thund'ring *Judgments*
bout thy ears, and yet wilt thou imbattle
gainſt the Lord of *Hoſts*? Wilt thou invoke
erpetual Vengeance to intail a ſtroke
pon thy ſtubborn heart? What, doſt thou think
ell's voyd of flames, or that thy *God* will wink
t thine enormities? Go, rally all
hy thoughts together, and diſcreetly fall
nto a ſerious ſtudy. ——— ———

——— Let thy mind
e abſolute, and really enclin'd
o meditation; contradict the rage
f thine own paſſion: labour to aſſwage

The

The fire of luſt, that ſo thou mayſt behold,
With more ſerenity, how manifold
His mercies are, that every day prevents
The ſad incurſions of deprav'd events.
Think but in what a moſt defam'd condition
Thy *Soul* was in, before the grand Phyſitian
Of *Heav'n* and *Earth* ſpontaniouſly ſent down
A balm from his own *Gilliard* to Crown
The ſons of grief: Think what he did endure,
Before his wounds had perfected thy cure.
Remember how undauntedly he ſtood,
And ſweat himſelf into a Crimſon flood
To ranſom thee; remember how his woes
Were aſperated by his raging foes;
Remember how his ſacred temples wore
A ſpiny *Crown*; remember how it tore
His ſublime *Front*; remember how they broach'd
His breſt with *Spears*, and ſhamefully reproach'd
His ſpotleſs fame; remember how they nail'd
His ſpreading hands, remember how they ſcal'd
His Ivory *walls*, remember how they ſpawl'd
Upon his face, remember how they bawl'd
And banded at his *Agony*, whilſt he
Prov'd patient *Martyr* to thair tyranny;
Remember when he came unto the brink
Of death, they gave him vinegar to drink:

Nay

y more (becauſe they vow'd to empty all
eir poys'ned malice out) they gave him Gall.
h bitter deed! Oh moſt abhorred Crimes!
oo nearly paralleld in theſe our times.)
us having put a period to their plots,
ey thought it good to caſt their helliſh lots
r his (I dare not ſay mean) clothes; I know
ey were our *Saviours*, to whoſe worth we owe
rpetuall thanks; 'twas his well finiſhed breath
edeem'd our Souls from everlaſting death.
Here's Love (O man) that does as far tranſcend
y thoughts as thy deſerts, that *Heav'n* ſhould ſend
s Son and Heir to be incarnated,
nd ſuffer death for thee, that wert as dead
s ſin could make thee; 'twas for thy offence
e dy'd; Ah, how, how canſt thou recompence
ch high-bred Favours! Favours unexpected
eſerve to be imbrac'd, and not neglected.
o not (raſh Soul) like *Cleopatra* nurſe
mboſom'd vipers; bleſſings prove a curſe,
once abus'd; Ingratitude cuts off
h'intail of Love; it is a ſhame to ſcoff
t Benefactors; after thou art fed,
Wilt thou contemn the hand that gave thee bread?
Wouldſt thou not love that friend that ſhould be-
ſuperannuated cruſt, and ſhew (ſtow
Reſpect

Reſpect unto thee, when the ebbing tyde
Of Fortune runs ſo low, that thou mayſt ride
Upon the ſands of *Poverty*? Fond *man*,
Strive to be gratefull, ſtudy how to ſcan
The mercies of thy *God*; remember how
He feeds thy *Soul* with *Manna*; learn to bow
Th' unruly thoughts; (with admiration) think
How often, and how much imbitter'd drink
Thy *Saviour* drank; with what a doleful cry
He beg'd of *God* to let that cup paſs by;
But knowing that his pleaſure muſt be done,
He prov'd himſelfe his moſt obedient Son.
And wilt thou not (coy wretch) drink one poor ſup
Of bitter drink for him, that drank a cup
To ſweeten thine? thou need'ſt not fear nor ſcorn
To taſt, becauſe Heav'ns ſacred *Unicorn*
Hath purg'd the waters, and they muſt be ſweet
Except they're reimpoys'ned by thy feet:
If ſo, what wilt thou do? where wilt thou find
An Antidote for an invenom'd mind?
It is reported, if the *Spider* chance
To meet the obvious *Toad*, they'l both advance
Their inward force, and mutually proclaim
An open War; *brave combatants of Fame*!
And having ſummon'd their imbowel'd might,
March boldly on, and both incens'd, they fight:

The

The *Toad* being heavy loaded, cannot go,
Or wheel about, like his encountring foe,
But keeps his ground, and makes a small resistance:
The *Spider* scorning to be kept at distance,
Falls in upon him, and with nimble rage
Assaults his foe, who now begins t'asswage
His former fury, and would fain retreat (great
From his small foe, whose strength is grown too
For opposition; being thus distress'd
He crawls away, and with a sick-sick brest
Seeks for relief, and by and by discrys
A *Planton* leafe, within whose veins there lies
A secret *Antidote*, which did at length
Expel his poyson, and renew his strength:
Having disgorg'd himselfe, he soon returns
Into the camp, where for a time he burns
To be in action, and at last he sees
The crafty *Spider* creeping by degrees
To seize upon him, then his courage fails,
He knows not what to do, his foe assails
With all his might, constraning him to yield
The conqueft, and with shame to quit the field:
Then he begins to seek, and hunt about,
To find the soveraign healing *Planton* out,
Which had before reliev'd him, and supply'd
His wants; but that being gone, he burst, and dy'd

Even ſo, if Hells black *Spider* chance to crawl
From his infernal Web into the Hall
Of this all-duſty World, he ſoon prepares
Himſelfe to fight, and ſuddenly declares,
That he, the grim-look'd General of Hel,
Dares to encounter any Souls that dwell
Within the limits of the ſpacious Earth,
And in a moment qualifie their mirth:
Thus Satan boaſts, and if he chance to meet
A ſingle Soul, he'l thus begin to greet.

Why haſt thou cast us
off O God wilt thou no
More return

A

DIALOGUE

Between the

Soul and Satan.

Sat. SOul, th'art well met. *Sou.* 'Tis true, for I am well.

Sat. Say, whither art thou going? *So.* Not to Hel.

Sat. Pish, talk no more of that, but tel me whither Thou go'st; come, prethee let's go both together.

Sou. A pretty motion; when I want a guide Ile send for thee, till then thou art deny'd To be my Usher. *Sat.* Prethee tell me why Thou art so obstinate, as to deny

So free a courteſie as I have ſhewn;
Miſchance oft falls to them that walk alone:
Be not ſo much averſe as to neglect
This opportunity; I can protect
Thy feet from ſliding; dangers ſtill attend
Thoſe that deſpiſe the favors of a friend. (How?
Son. A friend! how canſt thou prove that title? *Sat.*
As thus; becauſe I'm willing to allow
The beſt aſſiſtance of my ready arm
To guide, nay and protect thee from all harm;
Therefore a friend. *So.* What you pretend to ſhew
Is but external; he that can beſtow
Internal friendſhip on a Soul diſtreſs'd
Is a true friend; no matter for the reſt.
If *Heav'n* will guide my Soul I ſhall not ſtray,
Or fear the evils of a dangerous way:
But as for you, I needs muſt borrow leave
To ſay, your friendſhip's only to deceive;
Confuſion paths your ways, and if I run
By your adviſe, I needs muſt be undon.
God bids me fly from ſin if I refuſe
Obedience to his will, I ſhall abuſe
His juſt commands; then will my ſorrows cry,
When *Mercy* ſtops, *Judgment* begins to fly.
Sat. Deſiſt (fond Soul) and labour to divorce
Thy lips from this too fabulous diſcourſe;

Guild

Guild not thy words with vanity, perſwade
Theſe thoughts (which are erronious) to evade
Thy ſerious mind; adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee
My ways are beſt, be principl'd by me:
Let not the ſwing of paſſion ſtrike thee down,
But follow me, 'tis I muſt give a Crown
To thy deſerts, 'tis I that can advance
Thy down-caſt Soul above the reach of chance;
'Tis I (miſtaken Soul) 'tis I alone
That muſt conduct thee to the ſublime throne
Of true Salvation; 'tis my hand muſt bring
Thy trembling Soul before th'all-judging King
Of Heaven and Earth; it is my power can fill
Thy heart with joy; believe me, and I will.
Truſt not the babling languages of thoſe
That ſeem thy friends, but are thy greateſt foes;
They're great to thy deſtruction, they'l connive
And fawn, nay almoſt bury thee alive; (ſtories
They'l talk of *Heav'n* and *Hell*, they'tell thee
Of endleſs, boundleſs, unconceived glories;
They'l tell thee of Eternity, and woo
Thy *Soul* out of thy ears, if thou'lt beſtow
Thy pains to hear them; they'l infuſe, and brew
Their own deſigns, and tell thee all is true
That they declare; they'l tell thee that they're ſent
As Meſſengers from *Heav'ns* high Parliament.

Believe me *Soul*, 'tis I that can diſplay
The *Goſpels* Colours better far then they;
There 's nothing in that volume ſo obſtruce,
But I can winde and twiſt it to my uſe:
And there is nothing in this world can be
Stil'd worth a work, but can be done by me:
I can do all, it lies within my power
To make thee Poor or rich in half an hour:
I can command whole *Legions* to attend
Upon my honour: Say, what nobler friend
Canſt thou imbrace; I'le be a friend to all
That will give audience to my faithful call;
I'le make them ſwell with riches, they ſhall have
As much, nay if not more, then they can crave:
Am I not rare, and rich, and high, and great,
Incomprehenſible? Is not my ſeat
The throne of happineſs? Yet cannot I
Invite thee to my ſweet eternity?
Come gentle *Soul* into my twining arms,
I'le hug thee, I'le delight thee with my charms,
I'le ſhew thee all my Joys, nothing ſhall lie
Hid from the view of thy all-gazing eye:
Happy, beyond expreſſion. *Sou.* Satan, ſtay
The Progreſs of thy tongue, and give me way,
That I may vent my thoughts, for you have ſpoke
At large already; and is this the ſtroke

Which

Which you intend ſhall wound me? Be aſſur'd,
The blows but ſmall, and well may be endur'd.
Sat. What, mov'd to paſsion! Is thy mind diſturb'd
With foul miſtruſt? pray let thoſe thoughts be curbd:
What, doſt thou think I am perfidious? Fie;
'Tis folly to condemn before you try.
Alas, alas! what Profit can accrue
To me by wronging ſuch a *Soul* as you?
What I expreſs is onely for your good,
But what is more (then grave advice) withſtood?
I doubt theſe weak, theſe empty thoughts preſage
A tempeſt, guarded with a ſtorm of rage:
Well then, ſtorm on, and when thy ſtorm is ſpent,
Sit down and meditate, and then repent.
Soul. Repent, Oh happy word! although expreſt
By a foul mouth; thoſe that repent are bleſt.
How dare thy helliſh lips uſurp a word
Fill'd with divinity, but will afford
No reſt, no comfort, to thy horrid Soul?
Begone, begone; and if thou canſt condole
Thy ſelfe, thou art (if Logick prove but true)
Curſt in the *Major*, and the *Minor* too.
Bleſs me, O *Heav'n*: What bluſt'ring ſtormy weather
Drove ſuch a vile prodigious *Monſter* hither?
Touch-ſtone of baſeneſs, doſt thou come to prove
Whether I'm gold, or droſs? thou mayſt remove

Thy forward hopes, becauſe I hope to be
Metal at laſt for *Heav'n*, and not for thee.
Begone, fallacious wretch, I cannot brook
Thy golden baits, I have deſcry'd thy hook:
Father of *lyes*, thy policy is built
Upon the *ſands*, and plaſter'd o're with guilt:
Thy tongue foretels a ſtorm; if ſo, be ſure
Thy ſand-built policy ſhall not endure:
Flattery's the *life* of baſeneſs, and that art
Is well imprinted in thy ſubtile heart:
Doſt thou believe that I can entertain
Belief from thee? Or doſt thou think to raign
Within my breſt? No, no; thy cloudy powers
Are at the beſt but falſifying ſhowers:
Be ſatisfi'd, I cannot give the leaſt
Of credit to thee, nor I dare not feaſt
My thoughts with ſuch uncertainties; I know
Thy dyet muſt and will corrupt to woe.
Thou bidſt me not condemn! before I make
Some tryal of thy truſt; If I ſhould take
Such green adviſe, I quickly ſhould undo
My wretched ſelfe; and in condemning yo
What profit could I have; or what reliefe
Could I expect to mitigate my grief,
My accuſations would be blown as duſt
Before the wind; I'le neither try, nor truſt.

Nor

Sat. Nor try, nor truſt? Art thou reſolv'd to croſs
My real motions? Do, and ſee whoſe loſs
Will prove moſt weighty; if I loſe the heat
Of thy weak love, my loſs will not be great;
But if I ſhould withdraw my love from thee,
How like a map of well-drawn miſery
Wouldſt thou appear? Be wiſe, corect thy thoughts;
Neglected favors prove the greateſt faults.
Take my inſtructions, for 'tis I muſt bring
Content unto thee; 'tis a glorious thing
To be immortal: prethee Soul decline
Thy former ways; ſay, ſhall I call thee mine?
Mine, mine thou art; I'le load thee with renown;
Let me but conquer, thou ſhalt wear the crown.

How pleaſing are my joys! how full of peace
Are all my ways! my glories ſtill increaſe:
I'm great and good, I take delight to win
Diſtreſſed Souls, and lead them from their ſin:
I cannot chooſe but pity thoſe that lie
Upon the beds of ſenſuality;
My melting Soul is always free to give
Comfort to them that ſtudy how to live.
Alas, the care and trouble that I take
Is more for their content, then my own ſake:
My gates are always open, they that venture
To com to me ſhall (with a welcom) enter;

And when they call, and cry, I will appeare
My ſelf unto them, and rejoyce to hear
Their ſad complaints; I will not hide my face
From them that ſeek the glory of my grace:
I cannot be unconſtant; I muſt grieve
To hear their ſorrows, and I will relieve.
I will be pitifull to them that truſt
In me alone, I cannot be unjuſt;
I cannot, no I cannot; Earth ſhall move
Sooner then I will falſifie my love:
I am eternal; they that will endeavor
To gain my love, ſhall have my heart for ever.

Sou. 'Tis not your empty words ſhall make my breſt
Stoop to the flatt'ry of thy vain requeſt;
Though I have ears to hear, I have a mind
That will not ſhake at the hard breathing wind
Of your diſcourſe; what you pretend for reaſon
Is nothing but the froth of private treaſon:
'Tis not your multiloquious tongue can turn
The *Bias* of my Soul, or make me ſpurn
At holy *Writs*; 'tis not your fond conceit
Of being good, ſhall make me to retreat (joys
From *Heav'n* Commands; 'tis not your promis'd
Can make me cheerfull: or your painted toys
Can lure me to your fiſt; 'tis not the dart
Of your vain love can penetrate my heart;

'Tis not your ſeeming clemency can make
My *Soul* to love you, for your Pities ſake;
'Tis not your always-open gates that ſhall
Intice my ſteps to your large Guilded Hall;
'Tis not your ſelfe-appearance ſhall invite
My well-compoſed thoughts to your delight;
'Tis not your greatneſs that ſhall make me yield
To your deſires; *Religion* is my ſheild:
Ile neither fear nor love your raſh evaſions,
Nor give attendance to your ſmooth perſwaſions:
'Tis difficult to ſerve two *Maſters* well; (*Hell.*
Who ſtrays from *Heav'n* muſt needs approach to
I am advis'd to ſhun the broad-path'd ways
That lead to ruine; what the *Scripture* ſays
I muſt believe; 'Tis dangerous to fly
Without the wings of true *divinity*:
The *Scriptures* are my way, my light, my guide,
And they that go without them needs muſt ſlide:
The paths are ſtrait in which I ought to run
The courſe of grace, untill my days are done;
And they that change a *virtue* for a *vice*,
Deſerve no fruit from *Heav'ns* bleſt *Paradiſe*.

Sat. Surceaſe thoſe fond conceits, thou doſt but ſpin
Thine own deſtructions, and connive at ſin:
Urge not the *Scriptures*, for I dare maintain
My paths are beſt, and other ways are vain:

Thy

Thy Scripture-*conſcience* will at laſt confound
Th'amazed thoughts, and give thy Soul a wound
That hates a cure, then ſhalt thou prove unbleſt,
Whilſt others find the plaineſt road's the beſt.
Suppoſe thou wert (I ſpeak it for thy ſake)
Mov'd by occaſions, forc'd to undertake
A long-way'd journey, woulſt thou not enquire
The readieſt way, but run into the mire?
If thou ſhouldſt act a crime ſo fouly bad,
Folly would ſtile thee fool, and Wiſdome mad.
Stray not into the wilderneſs of grief,
But come to me, take courage, and be brief
In thy deſigns; perſwade thy ſelfe, that I
Am both thy light, thy way, and beſt ſupply
In time of need; I am thy prop, thy ſtay;
Therefore reſolve, and trifle not away
Thy thriftleſs Soul, be not thy ſelfe-deſtroyer;
I'le be thy love, and thou my Loves enjoyer:
Know that my real breſt contrives no end,
But what may merit ſo divine a friend
As thine own ſelfe: Folly and wiſdom lies
Before thy face; be either fool, or wiſe:
Protract no time, but make a ſpeedy choyce,
Thy welfare ſhall inſtruct me to rejoyce;
Obſerve my actions, pry into my parts,
Let's know each other by exchange of hearts;

I'le

I'le give thee mine, and for my love reſtore
Thine unto me; grant this, Ile ask no more.
Be free to give, as I am free to crave;
Th'adſt better live my friend, than dye my ſlave:
For if thou ſhalt deny what I deſire,
Ile make my bellows to advance the fire
Of thy diſtreſs, and ſorrows ſhall corrode
Thy ſtubborn heart, and care ſhall make abode
Within thy breaſt; perpetuated grief
Shall find a voyce, but ramble from relief.
Ile gripe thee, till I make thee underſtand
The fiery language of my furious hand:
Sighings, and groaning, ſobs, and tears, and cries,
Shall be thy ſad Concomitants; thine eyes
Shall ſtare upon (well may I call them new
And horrid) lights, ſuch lights as ſhall renew
Thy growing torments; every thing ſhall be
Thy fellow-ſlaves in ſervile miſerie:
I'le yoke thee with diſtreſs, nay and I'le chain
Thy ſtruggling *Soul* with everlaſting pain:
I'le crow'd thee full of ſorrows, and I'le double
Thy unconceived, uncontrouled trouble,
Whilſt I, triumphing I, will ſit aloft,
And be ador'd, and ſcoffe to ſee thee ſcofft:
Pity ſhall be a ſtranger to my breſt;
My care ſhall be to make thy Soul unbleſt:

The tydes of woe ſhall overflow thy thoughts,
And be equivalent unto thy faults;
Be ſure, that what extremity can be
Thought worth the uſing, ſhall be us'd on thee:
Now I have ſpoke, if thou wilt not repent
I'le ceaſe to ſpeake, and ſtudy to torment.

Son. How I ll of poyſon's every word that flows
Out of thy mouth? What truſt can I repoſe
In ſuch a flatterer? I dare not try,
Or throw my ſelfe upon thy courteſie:
I know thou canſt not anſwer my requeſt;
There is no truſt in a ſelfe-praiſing breſt.
If I ſhould dive into the deep abyſs
Of thy black thoughts, what glory, or what bliſs
Should I diſcern? Or if I ſhould deliver
My heart to thee, thou'dſt diſreſpect the giver;
Though at the firſt perhaps thou wouldſt expreſs
A ſeeming-unbeſeeming thankfulneſs,
Yet at the laſt I know thou wouldſt decline
Thy promis'd ways, and ſtile me to be thine.
Fair words find eaſie paſſage, they proceed
But from the tongue, th'event ſtil crowns the deed.
Three things denote a friend; firſt to conceal
A ſecret ſpeech: the next is, to reveal
A private good; the laſt is, to adviſe
The ſafeſt way t'obtain an enterpriſe:

And

And he that can do this, as you pretend,
Deſerves the title of a real friend:
But my *Religion* tutors me to ſay,
(Nay and affirm,) You neither can, nor may;
I'm ſure it is (if reaſon dare prove true)
One thing to ſpeak, another thing to do.
Your words are airy meſſengers, which fly
Into my ears, and there enroul a lye:
Many untruths have broke the common Goal
Of thy foul mouth; thou ſayſt thou canſt prevail
To make me glorious, and thou canſt encreaſe
My Joys, and crown me with eternal peace:
Thou ſayſt th'art good and great, & that thy paths
Lead to *Salvation*; thou declar'ſt thy Laws
To be moſt juſt: if all theſe things be true,
Needs muſt call the *Scriptures* falſe, or you:
Truth bids me tell thee boldly, when thou cry'ſt
Th'art great, and good, and rich, and rare, thou ly'ſt:
If thou art good and great, pray tell me why
Thou wilt behold ſo vile a wretch as I?
Theſe things beſpeak thee humble, unto which
Thou plead'ſt not guilty; and if thou art rich,
How can it be, that thou wilt condeſcend
To feed my wants, that am ſo poor a friend?
Strange is that charity, which ſeems to ſhine
From ſuch a *diabolick* breſt as thine.

If

If my beliefe could keep an equal pace
With thy ſwift tongue, how full of Faith & Grace
Should I appear? Such Faith as would devaſt
My wanton *Soul*, and make me weep as faſt.
It is impoſſible to find a *Sion*
That has no Governor, except a *Lyon*.

The Souls Petition to God.

Oh *Heav'n*, I crave that thou wouldſt keep me ſtill
From this moſt vile *Progenitor* of Ill;
Suffer him not t'infold me in his arms,
Or overcome me with his wanton charms:
Oh make my heart obdure, that he may knock
Upon my *Soul*, as on a Marble Rock;
Be thou my *Fort*, and then I ſhall endure
His furious on-ſets, and repoſe ſecure:
Give me thy grace, that I may be content;
Make me as ſtrong, as he is impudent.
Now let the ſpring-tyde of thy fierce deſires
Flow to the height, thou ſhalt not quench my fires:
Know *Satan*, know, my heart reſerves no place
For thy abode, I ſcorn thee to thy face:
The well-dy'd colours of my *Soul* declares
Defiance to thee, and my breſt prepares
To give thee battle; ſtrike, I fear thee not;
Who's arm'd with Faith, needs fear no Cannon ſhot.

Who

Sat. What impious tongue is that which dares defie
My power with ſo much boldneſſe? *So.* Wretch, 'tis I;
'Tis I (infernall Traytor) that will ſpend
My ſtrength to prove thou art a flatt'ring friend.
Sat. Move me to anger, do, and thou ſhalt find
A courteous friend at laſt may prove unkinde:
Have I not woo'd thee almoſt night and day
To goe to Heaven? *Sou.* The qu te contrary way.
Sat. Have I not labour'd like a watchfull father
To nouriſh thee? *Sou.* Or like a *Devill* rather.
Sat. Have I not alwayes taken great delight?
Soul. To take away good gold, and give me light.
Sat. How much nocturnall and diurnall care
Have I ſuſtain'd for thee? *Sou.* True, t'inſnare.
Sat. Have I not been aſſiduous to await
Upon thy pleaſure? *Sou.* and corrupt my ſtate.
Sat. Have I not proffer'd all that can be given
To a ſick Soul? *Sou.* To drive my Soul from Heaven.
Sat. Did I not promiſe to be true and juſt?
Sou. Did I not ſay, I'de neither try nor truſt?
Sat. Did I not promiſe that I'de make thee wiſe?
Sou. Did I not ſay thou wert compos'd of lyes?
Sat. Did I not promiſe to encreaſe thy ſtore?
Sou. Did I not ſay ſuch wealth would make me poor?
Sat. Did I not promiſe to advance thy flame?
Sou. Did I not ſay thy honours were thy ſhame?

Sat. Did I not promiſe to uphold thy peace?
Son. Did I not ſay ſuch warres would never ceaſe?
Sat. Did I not promiſe thee a Crown of life?
Son. Did I not ſay that Crown would Crown my
Sat. Did I not promiſe thee eternall glory? (ſtrife?
Son. Did I not ſay that promiſe was a ſtory?
Sat. Did I not promiſe I would give thee all?
Son. Did I not ſay ſuch promiſes were ſmall?
Sat. Did I not tell thee I was great and good?
Son. Did I not anſwer 'twas in ſhedding blood?
Sat. Did I not tell thee that my wayes were beſt?
Son. Did I not anſwer that they were unbleſt?
Sat. Did I not tell thee that thou ſhouldſt have joy?
Son. Did I not anſwer ſuch as would deſtroy?
Sat. Did I not tell thee that I did lament?
Son. Did I not anſwer that I was content?
Sat. Did I not tell thee what a friend I'd prove?
Son. Did I not anſwer that I could not love?
Sat. Thus by fair terms I labour'd to obtain,
Son. Thus in foul terms I told thee 'twas in vain.
Sat. Then I begin to threaten thee with grief,
Son. And then I fled to *Heav'n*, and found relief.
Sat. I threatened to afflict thee with large pains,
Son. I told thee ſuch afflictions were my gains.
Sat. I told thee more than now I will expreſſe,
Son. My anſwers made thee wiſh I had ſpoke leſſe

Sat. But now I ſee my real words can find
No reſt within the center of thy mind;
For 'tis in vain to ſow the ſeeds of life
In a dead heart that is manur'd with ſtrife:
I'le therefore ceaſe my importuning love,
I'le ſhew my Serpent, and keep cloſe my Dove.
Do, doe thy worſt, vile wretch, I'le make thee know
Griefes abſtract, and the quinteſſence of woe;
I'le load thee with extremities, thy breſt
Shall alwayes crave, but find no place of reſt:
Had but my grave advife receiv'd a place
Within thy heart, thou hadſt been fill'd with grace;
But now the inundations of thy trouble
Shall overflow thee, and I will redouble
My new-contrived plagues; I'le make thee feel
My melting heart is now transform'd to ſteel:
Thy tongue ſhall (like a bolt of thunder) roul
And roar within thy mouth; thy ſulphurous Soul
Shall flaſh forth lightening, and thy blood-red eyes
Shall blaze like Comets in the troubled Skies;
Thy teeth ſhall gnaſh, as if they ſcorn'd to be
Concomitants in ſo much miſery:
Oh how I'le carbonado every part,
And fill thy body with increaſing ſmart;
Thy Soul ſhall lure for death, but that ſhall hate
To pierce upon thee, and contemn thy ſtate:

Life ſhall be ſtill incroaching, but thy breath
Shall ſcorn that life, and hate it unto death;
Thy fleſh ſhall drop forth brimſtone, and thy bones
Shall court each other in their crackling tones;
Horror ſhall be thy watchman, curſes ſhall
Poſſeſs thy tongue, one torment ſtill ſhall call
Upon another; when thy voyce ſhall cry
But for a drop; Confuſion ſhall reply,
No, no, thou ſhalt not; if a golden Myne
Could buy a drop, that drop ſhould not be thine:
Then ſhalt thou ſay, if thou hadſt been at firſt
Advis'd by me, thou hadſt not been accurſt:
Thus in this ſad *Dilemma* ſhalt thou roar,
And crave my ſuccour, but I'le not deplore
Thy woful ſtate, becauſe thou wert averſe
To goodneſs, after folly comes a curſe:
Then ſhalt thou know and find I will exile
All thoughts of pity, and I'le rather ſmile
Than grieve at thy diſtreſs; ah know, tis hard
To force an entrance where the gates are bar'd:
Fond Soul, be ſerious, let thy thought reflect
On my indulgency, and give reſpect
Unto my clemency; believe I will
Be good to thee, do but forſake thy ill;
Forſake, forſake that evill which will turn
To thy deſtruction; do not, do not burn

The precious fuel of thy chaſte deſires
In idle, wanton, all conſuming fires
The poſt of Time is ſwift: and knows no ſtay;
Tis time to go when Reaſon calls away:
Protraction's dangerous; it is not good
To ſtrive with that which ſcorns to be withſtood.
Then do not thou procraſtinate, but take
This opportunity, do but forſake
Thy former ways, and readily incline
Thy ſelfe to me, and I will make thee ſhine
With ſo much luſtre, that all eyes ſhall gaze
Upon thy brightnes, and admire with praiſe:
Oh may my language teach thee to believe,
That ſo my torments may not make thee grieve
In utter darkneſſe, that thou mayſt imbrace
Thoſe glories, which adorn my peaceful place:
Repent, (dear Soul) repent what thou haſt done,
Then call me *father*, and I le love my ſon:
Thus having told thee all, I'le here deſiſt;
Be thou more apt to yield than to reſiſt.

Soul. I find, I find you firſt inflict a wound
And then with balſom ſtrive to make it ſound:
You make me ſmile at firſt, but after groan;
One hand incloſes bread, the other ſtone;
I fain would take the bread, but that I ſtand
In fear and danger of the ſtony hand:

Therefore, to ſhun all danger, I'le deſpiſe
Your fond adviſe, and practiſe to be wiſe:
If all ſhould prove, that you have told me, true,
I know the beſt and worſt that thou canſt doe;
As for your threatnings, they ſhall not diſturb
My peacefull thoughts, my faith ſhall be their curb:
Urge me no more, but let me reſt in quiet,
Strong is that ſtomack can digeſt thy diet.

Sat. And is it ſo? Will no perſwaſions work
Upon thy thoughts? Thoſe pregnant crimes that lurk
Within thy breſt, will, like to Scorpions, gnaw
Thy groaning heart; ſuch ſorrow knowes no Law;
But ſince thou wilt not be advis'd, expect
To find reward, as I have found neglect.
Ah, why fond wretch, why doſt thou thus provide
Thy feeble ſelf to ſtrive againſt the tyde?
Alas, alas! why art thou lull'd aſleep
In follies lap? Rouze up for ſhame, and weep
For thine infirmities; be not thus croſs
To him that would preſerve thee from a loſſe:
'Tis time to caſt away the works of night
And cloath thee with the ſhining robes of light.

Sou. If your ſtrong Oratory had the skill
To make me yield to your unſatiate will,
It were enough; what more could you deſire,
Than a bad period to your bad deſire?

But

But ſtay (bold friend) I'le meditate and ſee
What fruit will ſpring from thine infernal tree.
Sat. What, muſt I ſtay (vile wretch) till you diſpute
And prove the goodneſſe of my pleaſing fruit?
Muſt I be alwayes waiting on the train
Of your deſires, and ſpend my time in vaine?
No, no, I will not; for it is unfit
I ſhould attend, if you will not ſubmit:
Th'incenſed fury of my ſpirits burn
To be in action, I will not adjourn
A minute longer; goe, and hug thy vice,
Thou lov'ſt the bargain, but abhor'ſt the price:
Urge me no more, away, I have forgot
All thoughts of friendſhip, and I know thee not:
And here I leave thee to the lawleſſe power
Of thine own paſſion; curſed be that hour
That brought thee forth; if all this will not do,
May all men curſe thee, and I'le curſe thee too.
Soul. And can the *ſpring* of thy affections find
So ſoon an *Autumn*? Canſt thou be unkind
With ſo much eaſe? And can your real breſt
(As you ſo call't) be ſo ſoon diſpoſſeſt
Of love and patience? Oh how bad and ſtrange
Is the effect of ſuch a ſudden change!
'Tis diſputable, for I know not whether
Anger, or policy, or both together,

Wharft thee to theſe extreams: well then purſue
Thine owne deſires, and I will bid adue
To all thy follies; yet my heart begun
T'expand it ſelfe before the glim'ring Sun
Of thy perſwaſions; if thy ſharp'ned rage
Had not ſo ſoon exploded me the ſtage,
I fear, I fear, I have before this hour
Been proſtituted to thy tameleſſe power:
Begone, begone; but ſtay, hark *Satan*, hark,
Go boaſt you ſhot, but fairly miſs'd the mark.

Sat. Why doſt thou bid me goe? I'm ſure you ſpeak
(As I have done) in jeſt, thou wilt not break
The bonds of friendſhip; though thou haſt expreſt
Thy ſelfe in anger, yet thou art in jeſt:
Thoſe good conceits that live in th'inner places
Of my cloſe heart, tells me th'art fill'd with graces:
But there is none that can proclaim and cry
They're free from rage, no not ſo much as I:
When I am angry, then my heart is pleas'd,
Becauſe I'm ſatisfy'd; my mind is eas'd
Of a moſt preſſing load, which ſeems to tire
And waſte me with a breſt-conſuming fire.
" A wiſe mans eare muſt alwayes entertain
" Things ſpoke in paſſion to be void and vaine:
" The tongue's a reſtleſſe member, and oft-times
" Out-runs the wit, and then it flyes and climbs

Above

Above all ſenſe: "When Reaſon finds divorce,
"The tongue proves ſubject to a headlong courſe.
What I have ſpoke obſerve, and thou ſhalt find
Proceeded from my paſſion, not my minde:
The miſconſtruction of a word may make
The deareſt friends to vary, and forſake
The plains of friendſhip, though their hearts are free
From the curſt evills of Inconſtancy:
Therefore miſtake me not, nor doe not thou
Conſtrue my words with an incenſed brow:
Smile on me then, and cheerfully impart
The loving chidings of a friendly heart;
Then ſhalt thou ſee with what a willing arm
I will conduct and guide thee from all harm:
Believe me *Soul*, I am not come to ſcatter
Uncertain ſtories, but a reall matter;
What I hold forth unto thee, is the ſtem
Of a pure heart, thou art the onely Jem
Shall grow upon it; come, and let's combine,
I ſhall rejoyce to ſee thee prove divine.

Sou. The *Bias* of thy Love runs now ſo ſtrong,
That I much feare 'twill not continue long;
I finde, I finde thou haſt the art to ſaile
With any winde; thou labour'ſt to prevail,
But 'tis in vain, for know, I'le truſt thee not,
My zealous heart is fearfull of a plot:

I cannot be ſo fooliſh as to truſt
Without aſſurance that thou wilt be juſt:
Wilt thou be true? Speak with a real breath.
Sat. I will be juſt (believe me) unto death;
I will, I will; oh may I never be
True to my ſelf, if I am falſe to thee.
Son. If thou art juſt and conſtant, tell me where
Thy ſeat is plac'd, and who is Prince of th'air;
Be true in this, and thou ſhalt find that I,
According to thy anſwer, will reply.
Sat. I'le tell thee then (becauſe I'le now fulfill
The vaſt deſires of thy enquiring will)
Where my refulgent Seat is plac't; prepare
Thy ears to hear, I'le ſpeedily declare.
The large extent of my unbounded grace
Cannot be comprehended in one place,
Becauſe I am immortall, unconfin'd
To time or place; I live in every mind
That's truly real, and not diſagreeing
To my known Lawes; I have no local Being:
The World's a ſpacious *Body*, I the *Soul*
Which lives in every part compleat and whole:
Thus this diſpute is eaſily decided,
For what's immortal cannot be divided.
Nay more, becauſe I'le fill thee with content,
I ſay I'm *Prince* of every Element,

There

Therefore of Air: Now if thou canſt enquire
Any thing more, I'le anſwer thy deſire.
Sou. Before I ſuffer my ſwift thoughts to ſlide
Into more queſtions, I'le be ſatisfy'd
In what is paſt: If ſo it be, you have
No local Being, how then will you ſave
Thoſe *Hoſts* of Souls which you intend ſhall be
Seal'd with the Signet of Eternitie?
Did you not tell me, that your peacefull Seat
Was rich, ſublime, (and without meaſure) great?
If thus it be, as 'tis expreſt by you,
'Tis more than ſtrange that 'tis not local too:
Clear but this doubt, and thou ſhalt quickly find
Thoſe duties that attend an honeſt mind
Flow from my breſt, till then I'le reſt in peace,
As you perform, ſo ſhall my love encreaſe.
Sat. Ambiguous Soul, why doſt thou thus connive
At thine own follies? Why doſt thou deprive
Thy ſelf of comfort, comforts that will heal
Th' exulcerous ſores of thy diſtemper'd weal?
Why art thou thus inquiſitive? the thing
That thou deſir'ſt to know (if known) will bring
Small ſatisfaction to thy dubious breſt;
He's wiſe enough that knowes he ſhall be bleſt:
If you enquire in ſuch a doubtfull caſe,
You'l looſe your reſt in ſeeking out the place.

Sur-

Surceaſe thy thoughts, and do not proudly knock
Thy ſelf in pieces, now thou knowſt the rock:
Pry not too far, let ſecret things alone,
My *Zodiack* has more ſigns than muſt be known:
'Tis not the Heav'n of Heav'ns that can contain
Me, the Creator, and my glorious train:
I am even what I pleaſe, and I will be (to thee?
Even where I will. *So.* Where's that? *Sa.* What's that
The knowledg of my Seat does no way tend
To thy ſalvation, therefore ceaſe to ſpend
Such fruitleſſe thoughts, caſt by this needleſſe care,
Learn to know what I am, no matter where.
Son. I muſt confeſſe, it is not good to pry
In things that ſuit not the capacity;
But ſeeing 'twas your pleaſure to expreſſe
So much of friendſhip, I made bold t'addreſſe
My ſelf unto you; pardon then my crimes,
You know that wiſeſt men may doubt ſometimes
Your weights are light, or elſe your courage fail's
You have not ſtrength enough to turn the ſcales
Of my affections, yet you had almoſt
Droven my ill man'd ſhip upon your Coaſt,
The winds of your perſwaſions rage and roar
Within my breſt I cannot find a ſhoar
For my deſires; I'm toſt from wave to wave,
And am become a moſt diſtracted ſlave:

Thoſe

Thoſe heavenly thoughts which formerly frequented
The cloſet of my breſt are now prevented
By baſe bred fancies, fancies that ariſe
From a foule brain and makes me to deſpiſe
Almoſt my ſelf; I know not what to do,
I dare not, oh I dare not yeild to you;
And yet I hardly can believe thou wilt
Burthen thy conſcience with ſo foul a guilt
As to betray me, ſure thou art more kind
Than to abuſe a well-affected mind;
But yet I dare not truſt a Soul purſuer,
Becauſe thou kill'ſt when thou pretend'ſt to cure.
I reel I reel (if not ſuſtain'd) I ſhall
Receive a ſudden and a deadly fall;
What ſhall I do in this deplor'd condition?
I feare, I fear I've loſt my beſt Phyſician:
Try Satan, try, and ſee what may be done
For a ſick Soul, that fooliſhly has run
Beyond it ſelf; oh ſee what thou canſt do
To give me eaſe, and then I'le call thee true.

Sat. Now Soul I love thee; rouze, bid grief depart,
Thou haſt the ſymptomes of an honeſt heart:
Me thinks I could, with much content, afford
To ſay thou ſpeak'ſt a Chriſtian at a word;
Cheer up, and know that many troubles wait
Upon the changes of an ancient *State*:

The

The work of *Reformation* alwayes brings
Trouble at firſt, but afterwards it ſings
Anthems of Peace, whoſe fortunate event
Will more than countervail thy diſcontent.
He that has ſpent the treaſure of his dayes
Under one roof, has reaſon to diſpraiſe
The troubles of removing; yet at laſt
(When his defatigating cares are paſt)
He may declare himſelf to be a debter
To fortune, and confeſſe that life the better.
Even ſo mayſt thou (dear ſoul) hereafter ſay,
Bleſt be that hand which led thee from the way
And paths of Ignorance, although at firſt
['Tis often known, beginnings are the worſt]
Thou feel'ſt a private nakedneſſe within,
Becauſe thou haſt uncloth'd thy ſelf of ſin:
Although, I muſt confeſſe, there cannot be
A *vacuum* in nature, yet in thee
There is an emptineſſe, and muſt be ſtill,
For what is empty, craves a time to fill.
If he whoſe ſtomack hath ſuſtain'd the rage
Of ſharp'ning hunger, ſhould at firſt aſſwage
His appetite with fulneſſe, would it not
Produce a ſurfeit, and impoſe a blot
Upon his wiſdome, raiſing ſuch a ſtrife
Within his *Microcoſmus*, that his life

Would be endanger'd? Therefore learn by rote,
That moderation is the chiefeſt note:
In all my *Gammut*, none can ſing ſo high
A note as moderation, only I.
If I ſhould let thee make too large a meale
Of my rich Joyes at firſt, I ſhould reveale
Too much of folly; for if thou ſhouldſt take
A ſurfeit at the firſt, It needs muſt make
Thee fear, nay hate, to entertain my diet;
'Tis better far to ſpare at firſt then riot:
Moreover, ſhould I let thee taſte thy fill
At firſt, I know the reins of thy fierce will
Would ſcorn a hand, 'tis dangerous to truſt;
Preſumptions ſpur can never want for ruſt:
Come ſoul, let Reaſon rule thee, doe not ſtain
Thy well-dy'd judgment, 'tis a greater pain
To fear, than ſuffer; come, I long to ſee
Thee wanton with me in Eternitie;
Then doubt no more, reſolve, and let's away,
There is no greater grief than to delay
A happineſſe; be well inform'd of this,
Procraſtination is a foe to Bliſs.

Sou. Thy words impoſthumate my heart, I feel
A greater pain than ever *Ixions* wheel
Knew how t'inflict, extremities ſtill crowd
Into my thoughts; my ſorrowes call aloud,

And none will heare; what ſhall I do; for I
Unworthy am to live, unfit to dye;
Except th'all ruling power above will pleaſe
T' inſpect my Soule, and furniſh me with eaſe,
To whoſe bleſt ears I'le recommend my ſuit,
My ſorrows will not let my tongue be mute.
Great *Auditor* of groans, oh let my cryes,
My ſighs, my tears, invite thine eares, thine eyes
To hear, and view me; for I muſt confeſſe,
My crimes are great, and I am nothing leſſe
Than what is leaſt; alas! and nothing better
Than what is worſt, oh pardon me thy debter:
I'm toſt with grief, and know not where to ſteer
My ſhip-wrack'd ſelf, but ſtill my ſins appear
Before my face, whoſe looks almoſt affright,
And make me ſtart into eternall night:
What ſhall I do? or whither ſhall I flee,
That am an alien (Lord) except to thee?
From thee I cannot, and I am too vile
To come unto thee, having made a ſpoyl
Of thoſe moſt ſacred mercies, which thy hand
Confer'd upon me; there is no Command
But I have broke; yet, gracious Lord, I know
That thy abounding mercies can o'reflow
My ſand-excelling ſins, which cannot lie
Abſconded from thine all-ſurveying eye.

With ſhame I muſt confeſſe the ſubtile art
Of *Satan* hath impoyſoned my heart;
Oh I am ſick to death, I ſwell, I burſt
Never was any ſoul ſo much accurſt.
There's none but thee, thou ſacred *antidote*
Can cure my grief, be therefore pleas'd to note
My ſad condition, let my ſorrowes lye
Before thy face, oh heare me when I cry;
Grant me the ſhield of faith, that I may ſtand
In oppoſition to the powerfull hand
Of active *Satan*, weaken (*Lord*) his power
And add unto my ſtrength; let every hour
Afford new mercies, mercies that may fail
Into my breaſt, ah ſhould my *Foe* prevail,
Oh, then I periſh, ſhorten (*Lord*) his chaine
And lengthen out my patience, oh make vaine
His fierce attempts, that he may feel, and ſee
When he is ſtrongeſt, I'm as ſtrong as he,
Then ſhall my lips extoll thee, and proclaime
The greatneſſe of thy glory, and his ſhame.
Give but thy grace unto me (*Lord*) and then
Say what thou wilt, my tongue ſhall ſay *Amen*.
Let everlaſting plagues and horror dwell
Within ſo fit a ſoul, let black-mouth'd *Hell*
Remove his ſcituation, and take
An everlaſting Leaſe, oh let him make

A *Ten'ment* of thee; doſt thou think that I
Will heare thy prayers? oh no, I ſcorn thee, fye
Away, begon ——
Son. What voyce is this, that makes this bold intruſion
Into my eares, and grumbles out confuſion?
Me thinks I ſee a ſtorme-portending cloud,
Bowel'd with thunder, and I hear a loud
And horrid noiſe, a noyſe that will confound
A well-prepared eare, to heare the ſound;
Who would not quake at ſuch a voice as this
That roares forth Malice, with an Emphaſis?
My thoughts are interrupted, and amaſement,
Flaſhes light Lightning through the brittle caſement
Of my ill glaſed-breſt; It cannot be
The voice of Heav'n, a *God* ſo pure as he
Hates to be envious, malice cannot ſpring
From ſuch a good (and love-compoſed) *King*:
Although his voyce (made terrible) oft-times
By the addition of mans dayly crimes
Thunders againſt a ſinner, yet his breath
Can take no pleaſure in a ſinners death.
Hereafter (Lord) when malice findes a voyce
To ſpeak, my underſtanding ſhall rejoyce,
In knowing who it is, this heart of mine
Shall never quake at any voyce but thine;

Then

Then let hels deep-mouth'd *blood-hound*, roar & thun-
Ile neither fear, nor love, nor quake, nor wonder. (der
For 'tis not ſtrange to heare a Lyon roare
That wants his prey, the more he has, the more
He ſeeks for more, imploying ſtill his power
In ſeeking how, and whom he may devour:
Know therefore *Sathan*, that I am prepar'd
To meet thee, and I will not be out-dar'd;
Tis not thy falſe malifluous tongue ſhall tempt
My heart to love, no, nor thy rage exempt
My thoughts from heav'n, although thy craft ſtill
For opportunity to ſtop good works; (lurks
When I compoſe my ſelf, and ſtrive to pray,
Thou ſeek'ſt to turn my thoughts another way.
Thou great corrupter of Diviner parts,
Thou watchfull *thief* that ſteal'ſt into the hearts
Of filly mortals, think not to devour
My armed heart, with thy purſuing power.
Sat. Will nothing move thee? wilt thou ſtill miſtruſt?
If faire meanes will not move thee, foul meanes muſt.
What doſt thou think, my arm is grown ſo ſhort
It cannot reach thee? doſt thou think to ſport
With my commands? ſay, thou imperious mite
Who gave thee being, who created light,
Who made the Heav'ns, the earth, the ſea, reply
Audacious wretch, ſpeak, was it thee, or I?

Thou vain contender, doſt thou think to gaine
By ſtriving with me, any thing but paine,
Oh no, thou ſhalt not, for I'le ſtill renue
Thy pinching ſorrows, therefore bid adue
To all thy comforts, for thou ſhalt no more
Inioy thoſe bleſſings thou inioyd'ſt before,
Oh how thy horrid tongue ſhall roar and cry
With *Dives* for a drop, but no ſupply
Shall dare t'appear; the more thou crav'ſt, the leſ
Thou ſhalt be heard, for nothing ſhall expreſſe
The leaſt of pleaſure to thy per-boyl'd heart,
Thy chiefeſt food ſhall be perpetuall ſmart.
Be well aſſured that thy eares, thy eyes
Shall hear, nor ſee, nought but extremities,
Begon, begon, my fury hates delay,
Hell, and damnation be thy lot, away.

Son. Experience makes me underſtand thou art
A lively actor, of a deadly part,
I find the greatneſſe of your ſwelling rage;
Your *Prologue* ſpeaks 'twould be a bloudy ſtage
If you might act as King, but *Heav'n* prevent
The curſed plots of your accurſt intent;
I fear thee not, becauſe I know thy power
Is limitted, and thou canſt not devoure
Without commiſſion, therefore do thy worſt,
And let thy envie ſwell un till it burſt

And fall to nothing, my *Creator* gives
Me faith to ſay that my *Redeemer* lives,
And will protect me from the rage of thoſe
That are my known and ſecret deadly Foes.
Thy thundring words ſhall not make me complying
For he's unwiſe that dyes for fear of dying;
Thus being guarded with the ſhield of grace
Ile ſpit defiance in thine impious face.
Thou art a *Lyon*, and thou ſeek'ſt for blood
How bad'ds that ſoul that dares to think thee good;
Urge me no more, caſhiere thy fruitleſſe trouble,
The more thou ſtriv'ſt, the more Ile ſtrive to double
My reſolutions, for I dare not venture
To reſt my heart on ſuch a bloody center,
Oh no I dare not; he that ſhall let goe,
A certain friend, for a moſt certain foe,
Juſtly deſerves, to have no other fame,
But what reproach can build upon his name;
Should I permit my rambling thoughts to glance
Upon thy love, the Plea of Ignorance
Could not be prevalent, becauſe 'tis known
Unto the bleſt-united three in one
That I (by his aſſiſtance) have diſcry'd
Thy real flat'ry, and thy humble pride;
I dare affirm no greater pride can be
Then that that's acted with humility,

But here I'le ſtop and leave thee to inherit
Th' effects of a diabolique ſpirit.
Sat. Accurſed *chatiffe*, doſt thou think to ſcape
The fury of my hand, or make a rape
Upon my goodneſſe? no, the Sun and Moon
Shall ſtop their uſuall progreſſes as ſoon
As I will change my mind; vengeance is mine
And I'le repay it, on that *Soul* of thine.
Begon, begon, expect thy ſudden doom,
It is thy *ſins*, give puniſhment a room:
Let everlaſting Plagues, and horrour dwell
Within ſo fit a Soul; let black-mouth'd Hell
Remove his ſcituation, and ſo take
A ſtill continuing Leaſe, oh let him make
A *ten'ment* of thee, doſt thou think that I
Will hear thy Prayers? oh no I ſcorn thee, fye
Away, begon ——
Sou. If words could kill, I had been ere this time
Worded to death, but now I hope to clime
Above the reach of words in thy deſpight,
Where thou may'ſt grumble at me, but not bite
Even as the ſurly blood-deſiring *dog*
Ty'd with a chain, or loaded with a clog
Growes fiercer with reſtraint, and ſtands in awe
Of nothing but his maſter, to whoſe law

He

He muſt ſubmit and keep within his liſt;
For fear will not permit him to reſiſt:
But if ſome wandring paſſenger ſhould chance
To walk along, he quickly would advance
His watchfull head, and running too and fro
From place to place, he tuggs but cannot goe
Beyond his bounds, but labours ſtill in vaine
(With fruitleſſe biting of his ſenſleſſe chaine)
To free himſelf, but when he finds his ſtrength
Is not ſufficient to out goe the length
Of his well-faſtned chain, he ſoon divides
His ſharp fang'd jawes, and bauls untill his ſides
And lungs are weary, then he runs the round
Untill he layes himſelf upon the ground:
Where he remaineth much diſpleas'd and vext,
Seeming to threaten ruin to the next.
So you (hels ty dog) if thou couldſt but ſtrain
And quit thy ſelf from heaven's faſt-holding chain
What *Soul* could ſcape thy jawes, or be poſſeſt
Of laſting peace, or comfortable reſt?
How ſad, how miſerable had it been
For patient *Job*, had but thy power been ſeen
Upon his heart; but *Heaven* that will controul
In ſpight of malice, chain'd thee from his *ſoul*:
Alas, alas! Thy chain is not ſo long,
To reach a *ſoul*, nor is thy power ſo ſtrong

To break it at thy pleaſure, thou mayſt baul
And bark forth envy, but not hurt at all;
If thou art *God* [as thou pretendeſt] why,
Why doſt thou ſuffer ſuch a thing as I
T' expoſtulate ſo long, and doſt not ſhow
Thy judgements in my ſpeedy overthrow?
Sat. It is my goodneſſe, and not thy deſert
That breeds forbearance in my tender heart,
Alas, alas, what honour would acrue
To me in conquering ſuch a thing as you,
I could within a moments time aſſwage,
(But that my clemency out-vies my rage)
Thy ſwelling fury, for I could diſcharge
Vollies of wrath, and eaſily inlarge
Thy reſtleſſe torments, I could make thee run
(Like morning miſts before the riſing Sun)
Out of my preſence, If I ſhould but ſay
The word begon, alas thou couldſt not ſtay,
But ah, I cannot, for I hate to harme, (arm.
Love guides my ſtrength, & that ſtrength guides my
Even as the *Sheepheard* with bedewed locks
Watches the feeding of his harmleſſe flocks
For fear the bold-fac d *Wolf* ſhould chance to peep
Into the *coaſts* of his beloved ſheep,
And like a lawleſſe *Tyrant*, ſoon commence
(Againſt thoſe Emblems, of pure innocence)

A bloody action, which would soon incite
The Sheepheards grief, to see so sad a sight,
So I th' eternall *Sheepheard* daily watch
My wel fed Lambs, for fear Hels wolf should catch
Or fright (not being fearfull to be bold)
My gentle flocks from their delightfull fold;
I am beloved, and mine own, will own
My sacred Name, my voyce is not unknown
Unto my Sheep, they alwayes will be all
Firmly obedient to my cheerfull call,
For which obedience they shall find reward
Nay such a one, as alwayes shall accord
To their desires, thrice happy shall they be
In truly calling, and in owning me
To be their *Sheepheard*, nothing can more please
O indulgent *soul*, then such dear *flocks* as these,
I will preserve them, and no wolf shall dare
To seize upon them, or presume to teare
Their downy fleeces, nothing shall be nearer
Unto my heart, and nothing shall be dearer
In my affections, for I will affect
Even where, and when I finde a true respect.
What strange contusions hath thy language bred
Within my serious thoughts? how hast thou fed
My ears with flatteries, but it is in vaine;
Because my heart hath vow'd not to retaine

Thy

Thy fain'd expreſſions, nothing ſhall remove
My love from *God*, nor nothing make me love
Thy wretched ſelf; then be content, and ceaſe
To urge my mind, or interrupt my Peace.
Go, doe thy worſt, And when that worſt is done
Sit downe as wiſely, as thou haſt begun.

Sat. Art thou reſolv'd? Well then, let vengance
Upon thy curſed head, begon, thou mite (light
(Nay leſſe) of goodneſſe, go, make haſte t'inherit
Thoſe plagues that wait upon ſo damn'd a ſpirit.

Son. May this be call'd a *farewell*, if it be,
The ſelf ſame *farewell* muſt attend on thee;
I hate, nay, ſcorn to bid *farewell* to you,
Tis charity enough to bid, adieu.

The Souls Thankefulneſſe, and Requeſt to God.

MOſt gracious God, I having lately felt
The fervour of thy mercies, needs muſt melt
Into a thankfulneſſe, Ah ſhould I be
Ungratefull to ſo bleſt a God as thee

'Twere

Twere pity, ah 'twere pity, that the ayr
ould give me breath, or thy fierce hand forbear
o throw me headlong to the deep abiſs
f ſpeedy ruine, where no comfort is:
h glorious *Lord*, be pleaſed to inflame
y heart with raptures, to extoll thy name;
las I'm weak, and if thou ſhouldſt deny
hy ayde, nothing could be more weak than I.
thou wilt help me, I ſhall be ſo ſtrong
hat nothing can prevail to doe me wrong.
rd, I am blind, oh therefore let thy light
xpell thoſe clouds, that thus eclipſe my ſight;
e thou my guide, my ſtrength, my ſight, my way,
e elſe (being weak) I ſhall, or fall, or ſtray;
h leave me not, but as thou haſt begun
o ſhew me mercy, let thy mercy run
ith my deſires, and grant that I may be
true forgetter of all things, but thee:
nd rather then I ſhould forget thy call,
h let me have no memory at all;
ean me, oh wean me from this nurſing earth,
ake it my ſorrow, and thy Throne my mirth.
t every morning make me know, and ſay
y Lawes are Juſt, or let me know no day;
t every *ev'ning*, make me take delight
thy commands, or let me know no night.

Inſpire

Inſpire my heart [O God] and make it glad
Alwayes in thee, or make it alwayes ſad;
If thou afflict'ſt me, make me underſtand,
Thou haſt a ſtorming, and a calming hand;
If *Poverty* oppreſſe me, whilſt I live,
Oh let thy mercy ſend me *friends* to give;
Or if thy goodneſſe pleaſe to ſend me ſtore
O give me grace to think I may be poor.
It matters not, O Lord, how poor I be
Unto the World, if I am rich to thee:
If I am hungry, ô be thou my meat,
If I am weary, ô be thou my ſeat;
Or if I feaſt, O Lord, be thou my gueſt;
If I am reſtleſſe, *Lord*, be thou my reſt;
If I am thirſty, *Lord*, be thou my ſpring;
If I am ſubject, *Lord*, be thou my King;
If I have *vertue*, make me dote upon her;
If Honourable, be thou my honor:
And if I cannot know that which I would,
Be pleas'd to make me know, Lord, what I ſhould
Then ſhall my ready lips expreſſe and ſhow
I know no more, then thou wouldſt have me know
My unty'd tongue ſhall evermore proclaime
Th' attendant glories of thy ſacred Name.

Divine Ejaculations.

I.

GReat God, whose Scepter rules the Earth,
Distill thy fear into my heart,
That being rapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good thou art,
Open my lips, that I may sing,
Full prayses to my God, my King.

Ejaculation II.

Lord, make the torments we endure
The Symptomes of thy Love, not wrath;
Thou art our Chiron, we thy cure
Our crime's, our sores, thy blood's our bath;
O we are weake, be thou as strong;
How long O Lord; O Lord, how long.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculation 3.

Juſt Judge of earth, in whom we truſt
Make ſharpe thy ſword, and bend thy bow,
Conſume the wicked; Save the Juſt,
For thou the Reines, and heart doſt know:
Then ſhall our tongues ſing forth thy praiſe,
And praiſe thy juſtice all our dayes.

Ejaculat. 4.

Lord, teach us timely how to pray,
And give us patience to expect;
Thou hateſt ſin; O guide our way;
Judge thou our Foes: The Juſt protect:
Then ſhall the wicked fall with ſhame,
And we will ſing that love thy name.

Ejaculat. 5.

Great Son of the eternall God
To whom the world ſubjected lyes,
Break not, but breed us with thy rod:
O we are fooliſh, make us wiſe:
And if thy wrath begin to flame,
Wee'l ſeek protection in thy Name.

Ejaculat

Ejaculat. 6.

Lord, if our enemies encreaſe,
And we invoke, bow down thine ear;
Be thou our ſhield, and make our peace,
And we will ſcorn what worldlings fear.
Great *God* of health, great Lord of reſt,
O make us thine, and we are bleſt.

Ejaculat. 7.

Thou righteous Hearer of Requeſts,
Make voyd the counſels of th' unjuſt;
Send peace into our trembling breſts,
And fill our hearts with fear and truſt:
If thou wilt make thy face to ſhine,
Let others joy in corn and wine.

Ejaculat. 8.

Lord, thou whoſe equal hand allays
The poor mans grief, whoſe help thou art;
Incline my heart to give thee praiſe,
And I will praiſe thee with my heart:
Forſake me not; for, Lord, truſt,
As men are cruel, thou art juſt.

Ejaculat. 9.

Lord, cruſh my Lyon-hearted Foes,
Rout them that ſeek to ruine me;
Riſe up, O God, forget not thoſe
Whoſe wrongs refer their cauſe to thee:
Or if the wicked muſt oppreſs,
Be thou not far from my diſtreſs.

Ejaculat. 10.

Great God, thy Garden is defac'd,
The Weeds do thrive, thy Flowers decay;
O call to mind thy promiſe paſt,
Reſtore thou them, cut theſe away:
Till then, let not the Weeds have power
To ſtarve or taint the pooreſt Flower.

Ejaculat. 11.

Lord, leave us not too long a ſpace;
O view our griefs, and hear our prayer,
Clear thou our eyes, unvail thy face,
Leſt Foes preſume, and we deſpair.
Lord, make thy mercy our repoſe,
And we will ſing amidſt thy Foes.

Ejaculat. 12.

Lord, teach me to renown thy Name,
Which through the World is ſo renown'd:
Let man thy glorious Works proclaime,
Whoſe head with glory thou haſt crown'd.
As beaſts to men ſubjected be,
So Lord ſubject mans heart to thee.

Ejaculat. 13.

In all extreams, Lord, thou art ſtill
The Mount whereto my hopes doe flee;
O make my Soul deteſt all ill,
Becauſe ſo much abhor'd by thee.
Lord, let thy gracious tryals ſhow
That I am juſt, or make me ſo.

Ejaculat. 14.

Great God, whom Fools deny, how dare
Our lips requeſt thy glorious Eyes!
If thou but ſee, thou canſt not ſpare,
And what thou ſeeſt, thou muſt deſpiſe.
Lord, make us hear thy ſaving voyce,
Then may'ſt thou ſee, and we rejoyce.

Ejaculat. 15.

Lord, cleanſe my heart, and guide my tongue,
Preſerve my lips from falſe deceit;
Protect my hands from doing wrong,
Teach whom to love, and whom to hate:
Inſtruct me how to take and give;
Lord, grant me this, and I ſhall live.

Ejaculat. 16.

Lord, teach my Reins, that in the night
My tutor'd Reins, may tutor me;
And keep me alwayes in thy ſight,
For in thy ſight all pleaſures be:
Let not my ſoul in darkneſs ſtray,
O thou my life, O thou my way.

Ejaculat. 17.

Behold my Right, and right my wrongs
Thou Saviour of all thoſe that truſt:
O I am weak, my Foes are ſtrong,
Lord thou art gracious, thou art juſt.
O make me rightly prize this life,
And let thy glory be my ſtrife.

Ejaculat. 18.

Great God, my ſtrengh at whoſe command,
Whil'ſt I ſerve thee, all creatures ſerve me,
protect me from my Foe-mans hand;
O, as thou haſt preſerv'd, preſerve me:
With peaceſull conqueſt crown my days,
And I will crown thy power with praiſe.

Ejaculat. 19.

Great God, the work of whoſe high hands
The glory of thy Name declare,
How perfect ſweet are thy Commands!
How purely juſt thy Precepts are!
Cleanſe all my ſins, clear every ſpot,
Both open, ſecret, known, forgot.

Ejaculat. 20.

Accept, O God, my holy fires,
Lead thou our Armies, give ſucceſs,
Bleſs our deſigns, grant our deſires;
O hear and help in our diſtreſs:
Preſerv'd by thee, we ſhall prevail,
When Chariots flee, and horſes fail.

Ejaculat. 21.

O God, whoſe Judgments are ſevere,
And Mercies full of ſweet compaſſion,
Scourge thou thy Foes, ſave thoſe that fear,
Raviſh my Soul with thy Salvation;
And I will ſpend my joyfull days
In Pſalms of thanks, and Songs of praiſe.

Ejaculat. 22.

My Jeſus, thou that wert no leſs
Then God, and yet with men forlorn,
Earths Comforter, yet comfortleſs,
Heavens Glory, yet to men a ſcorn.
What thanks ſhall I return to thee,
That wert all this, and more for me!

Ejaculat. 23.

Great Shepherd of my Soul, thy hand
Both gives me food, and guides my way;
Subject my will to thy command,
And I ſhall never ſtarve, nor ſtray.
If thou wilt keep me in thy ſight,
Thy Houſe ſhall be my whole delight.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 24.

Lord, purge my heart, and cleanſe my hand,
Direct my tongue, and guide my will;
For nothing that's unclean can ſtand
Within thy great, thy glorious Hill.
Lift up my heart, depreſt with ſin,
And let the King of Glory in.

Ejaculat. 25.

Lord, guide my footſteps in thy truth,
And let thy grace be my repoſe;
Forgive the frailties of my youth,
And free me from my cauſleſs Foes:
Redeem thine *Iſrael* from their hand,
And bring me to thy promis'd Land.

Ejaculat. 26.

Lord, keep me juſt and judg my right,
Prove thou my reins, and try my heart;
Omake thy Temple my delight,
And fix my dwelling where thou art:
Redeem my Soul, confirm my ways,
And give me power to give thee praiſe.

Ejaculat.27.

My God, whose fear drives fear away,
Shew me the beauty of thy House;
Preserve me in the evil day,
That I may sing and pay my vows.
Lord, grant me fear, and guard my path;
Give patience, and with patience, Faith.

Ejaculat. 28.

O God, be thou my living Rock,
Where to my rest ess Soul may fly;
Blest be thy name; when I invoke,
Thou hear'st my suit and send'st supply.
My Foes confound, or else convert,
Or weaken, that they may not hurt.

Ejaculat. 29.

Shall Mountain, Desert, Beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly Voyce of thine,
And shall that voyce not startle me,
Nor stir this stone, this heart of mine?
No, Lord; till thou new-bore mine ear
Thy Voyce is lost, I cannot heare.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 30.

Lord, let the evening of my grief
Be followed with a morning joy:
Hear thou my cry, and send relief,
That tak'ſt no pleaſure to deſtroy:
If thou wilt lenghten out my days,
Their task ſhall be to ſing thy praiſe.

Ejaculat. 31.

Lord, thou that hoord'ſt thy Grace for thoſe
That love and fear thy ſacred Name,
Redeem me from my conqu'ring Foes,
And vindicate my truſt from ſhame:
Give me fair Conqueſt at the end,
Till then, true courage to attend.

Ejaculat. 32.

Let my confeſſion lanch my ſore,
And let forgiveneſs cure my wound;
Lord, teach me early to implore,
For I am loſt till thou art found:
Then ſhall my joyfull Songs expreſs
Thy Praiſes, and my thankfulneſs.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 33.

Great Lord of Wonders, thou by whom
My heart was fram'd and form'd alone,
From whoſe high Power all powers come,
That didſt but ſay, and it was done;
Appoint the remnant of my dayes
To ſee thy Power, and ſing thy praiſe.

Ejaculat. 34.

Lord, let the Sun-ſhine of thy face
So clear mine eyes, ſo cleanſe my heart,
That being ſeaſon'd with thy grace,
My Soul may taſte how ſweet thou art.
O let thy mercy make me juſt,
And then my heart ſhall fear and truſt.

Ejaculat. 35.

Lord plead my cauſe, and right my wrong,
And take my Snarers in their ſnare;
O be not from me, Lord, too long,
Leſt they triumph, and I deſpair.
Let all my foes be cloth'd with ſhame,
Whil'ſt I ſing praiſes to thy Name.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 36.

untain of Light, and living Breath,
hoſe Mercies never fail nor fade,
l me with life that hath no death,
l me with light that hath no ſhade:
Confound the proud in their pretence,
And let thy wings be my defence.

Ejaculat. 37.

thou my Truſt, my God, and I,
hen ſinners thrive, will not repine;
if my wants ſhould want ſupply,
ill not fret, I will not whine:
What if their wealth, my wants, increaſe,
They ſhall have plagues at laſt, I peace.

Ejaculat. 38.

ord, in thy wrath correct me not,
r I confeſs and hate my ſin;
y fleſh conſumes, my bones do rot,
ve pains without, and pangs within.
O thou that art the God o. Reſt,
Releaſe my ſin, relieve my breſt.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 39.

Lord, curb my tongue, and make me ſee
How few my days, how ſhort their lenght:
Incline my heart to truſt in thee;
Remove thy ſcourge, or give me ſtrengh:
I am a Pilgrim, heare me cry,
And ſend ſome comfort ere I dye.

Ejaculat. 40.

Lord, thou whoſe Mercies do exceed,
O fill my language with thy praiſe,
Stand thou my Helper at my need,
Confound the wicked in their ways:
Be thou my comfort in my grief,
And crown my Patience with relief.

Ejaculat. 41.

Lord, if thy pleaſure make me poor,
Thou wilt bleſs them that give me bred;
If thy ſick hand hath ſcourg'd me ſore,
That hand that ſtruck will make my bed.
Suſtain me, Lord, be thou my Store,
I ſhall be neither ſick nor poor.

Ejaculat

Ejaculat. 42.

My God, full tears are all the dyet
That feed my ſad, my drooping breſt:
In my diſtreſs, in my diſquiet,
Be thou my Stay, be thou my Reſt:
Be thou my God in my relief,
And I will triumph in my grief.

Ejaculat. 43.

Lord, right my wrongs, and plead my right
Againſt all thoſe that ſeek my Ill;
O let thy perfect Truth and light
Conduct me to thy holy Hill:
Then ſhall thy Alter make relation
Of thy due Praiſe, and my Salvation.

Ejaculat. 44.

Lord, our-fathers found redreſs
In all their frights, in all their fears;
Wilt thou be dumb to my diſtreſs,
And not my God, as well as theirs?
Redeem my Soul, whoſe loyall knee
Ne're bow'd to any *God*, but thee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 45.

Great Bridegroom, fill thy deareſt Spouſe
With outward glory, inward graces;
May ſhe forget her fathers houſe,
And onely cling to thy embraces:
Affect her heart with Love and Duty,
And then take pleaſure in her Beauty.

Ejaculat. 46.

Lord, help me when my griefs doe call,
In my diſtreſſe O be thou near;
Then if Earth change, or Mountains fall,
I will not faint, I will not fear.
Shew me thy Wonders, and inflame
My heart to magnifie thy Name.

Ejaculat. 47.

Lord, let thy Judgments fill all thoſe
That love thy *Mount* with joy and mirth;
Confound and cruſh all *Sions* Foes,
Sion the glory of the Earth:
Let all that love thy *Sions* glory,
Recount her State, repeat her Story.

Ejaculat

Ejaculat. 48.

ord, teach me wiſely to contemn
ll goods that tranſitory be,
t me not ſtand poſſeſt of them,
they be not poſſeſt in thee.
If I be wealthy, and not wiſe,
I live but like a beaſt that dyes.

Ejaculat. 49.

ord God of gods, before whoſe Thorne
and fire and ſtorms, O what ſhall we
eturn to Heav'n that is our own,
hen all the world belongs to thee!
We haye no offering to impart,
But praiſes, and a wounded heart.

Ejaculat. 50.

ord, if thy mercies purge my heart,
onceiv'd in luſt, and born in ſin,
reathe truth into my inward part,
enew me a firm ſpirit within:
Then let thy goodneſſe not deteſt
The ruines of a broken breſt.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 51.

Let others boaſt in gold, and prize
Ev'l more then good, and love deceit,
Thy Mercies, Lord, are my ſupplies,
And on thy name will I await.
Lord, let thy Mercies ſtill inure
My breſt to love the thiug that's pure.

Ejaculat. 52.

Lord, if thou take away thy hand,
How all compos'd of fears are we!
What arm can ſave? what ſtrengh can ſtand?
When Man, poor man's forſook by thee?
Lord, keep my Faith in thee unſhaken,
For thou forſak'ſt not till forſaken.

Ejaculat. 53.

Lord, let thy name ſecure and free
My threat'ned Soul from all my Foes;
Stand thou with them that ſtand for me,
Support all theſe, ſuppreſs all thoſe:
Then ſhall my Soul diviſion run
Upon thy Praiſe, till Time be done.

Ejaculat

Ejaculat. 54.

Hearer of Prayers, confound my Foes,
That bruiſe my tortur'd Soul to duſt:
In man, alas, there's no repoſe;
Foes have no pity, Friends no truſt.
My truſt is in thy Word, which ſaies,
They ſhall not live out half their daies.

Ejaculat. 55.

O God, the malice of my Foes
Increaſeth daily more and more;
But, Lord, thou art my ſafe repoſe,
Thou art my ſtrength, thou art my ſtore:
Be thou my gracious God, and then
I will not fear the pow'r of men.

Ejaculat. 56.

Be gracious, Lord, unto my grief,
For in thy ſhadow doe I truſt;
O ſend me plentifull relief,
For thou art mercifull and juſt;
Then ſhall my ſpirits utter forth
Twi-light *Hoſanna*'s to thy worth.

Ejaculat. 57.

Lord, keep me from thoſe hearts and tongues
That practice miſchief from the womb;
Weigh right to them that weigh us wrongs,
And let confuſion be their doom;
But let the Juſt be fill'd with mirth,
And fear that God that rules the earth.

Ejaculat. 58.

Lord, ſave me from my Foes; make voyd
Their Plots, and all their Counſels vain;
For ever let them be deſtroy'd,
For in thy hand my hopes remain:
And I will alwaies ſpend my daies
In Hymns of thanks, and Songs of praiſe.

Ejaculat. 59.

Lord, though we feel the bitter taſte
Of thy diſpleaſure for a while;
Yet thou art gracious, and at laſt
Thy angry brow that frown'd will ſmile.
Oh when that ſtorm is over-blown,
Thou'lt trample thoſe that tread us down.

Ejacula

Ejaculat. 60.

Lord, hear my troubled voice, and bring
My Soul to that ſweet Rock of Reſt;
Protect all thoſe that ſtrive to ſing
Thy praiſes with a chearful breſt:
Let comfort with our years increaſe,
That we may praiſe thy Name in peace.

Ejaculat. 61.

Lord God, from whom all mercy ſprings,
Inſtruct my hopes to wait on thee;
Teach me what vain and fruitleſs things
The helps of what is earthly be.
All ſtrength belongs to thee alone,
'Tis thou, my God, muſt help, or none.

Ejaculat. 62.

Lord, how I long to ſee thy face,
That I might ſpend me in thy praiſe!
Thou art my glory in diſgrace;
Sustain my ſteps, direct my ways:
Thou art my Refuge; when oppreſt
With grief, my Joy; with toyl, my Reſt.

Ejaculat. 63.

Lord, hide me from my bloudy Foes,
For in thy goodneſſe doe I truſt;
Protect my ſought-for life from thoſe
That ſhoot in ſecret for the juſt.
So then ſhall I that fear thy Name
Have cauſe of glory, they of ſhame.

Ejaculat. 64.

Thou gacious Hearer of Requeſts,
Hide all my ſins behind thy merits;
Showre down thy Spirit into our breſts,
And drop thy grace into our ſpirits;
That from our faith rich works may ſpring,
And give us cauſe to ſhout and ſing.

Ejaculat. 65.

Lord, if thy flame muſt needs be felt,
Let us be purged in that flame;
Let our rebellious ſpirits melt
Into the Praiſes of thy Name;
That we being tutor'd, and kept under,
May fear with love, and love with wonder.

Ejacula

Ejaculat. 66.

Lord, let thy favour ſtill inflame
Our light'ned hearts to walk thy wayes,
That all the World may praiſe thy Name,
And all the Earth may ſing thy Praiſe:
So fructifie our hearts, that we
May bleſſe thy Name, being bleſt by thee.

Ejaculat. 67.

Lord, riſe in power within my heart,
And chaſe my ſins, thy Foes, and mine,
Then ſhall I ſee thee as thou art,
In Glory great, in Power divine:
So I, more white then Snow, ſhall ſing
Thy wayes, and praiſe my God, my King.

Ejaculat. 68.

To that ſweet Lamb, which did ſuſtaine
Grief above weight, Paine above meaſure,
Whoſe ſtripes, and ſcoffs, and grief, and paine,
Were only purchas'd by our pleaſure,
Be Honor, Glory, Praiſes, given
By Souls on Earth, by Saints in Heaven.

Ejaculat. 69.

Let ſhame be their due recompenſe
That ſeek to wound my Soul with ſhame:
Be thou their help, and ſtrong defence,
That ſeek thee Lord, and love thy Name.
Make haſte, O God, for I doe waſte
My Soul with grief; O God, make haſte.

Ejaculat. 70.

Lord, thou that underneath thy wing
Didſt keep me in, and from the womb,
Aſſiſt my age, that it may ſing
Thy praiſe in ages yet to come.
Preſerve my Soul, protect my name;
Shame be to them that ſeek my ſhame.

Ejaculat. 71.

Great Prince of peace, whoſe Kingdome brings
Juſtice, Redemption, Power, and Peace,
That bends the knees and hearts of Kings,
And fill'ſt all Nations with encreaſe,
All praiſes, Honour, Glory, be
Aſcrib'd alone, great Prince, to thee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 72.

O God, whoſe dreadfull Voyce, like Thunder,
Affrights the Earth, and ſhakes the Ayr,
Whoſe Works and Ways are full of wonder,
That hear'ſt my plaints, and grant'ſt my pray'r,
Forſake me not, but when I ſtray,
O let thy Crook reform my way,

Ejaculat. 73.

O thou, whoſe Mercy did begin
Before all Time, unty'd to Times,
As thou forgav'ſt our Fathers Sin,
Be likewiſe gracious to our Crimes:
Th'art now a God, as well as then,
And we as they, no more than men.

Ejaculat. 74.

O God, the *Sion* of my Soul
Is wholly deſolate and waſte,
Where thou ſhouldſt rule, my luſts controul;
O Lord, relieve; O God, make haſte:
Then ſhall my heart and tongue proclaim
Eternal Praiſes to thy Name.

Ejaculat. 75.

Glorious Creator, once more ſhine
On this our poor diſtreſſed Land;
Defend, and dreſs thy fading Vine,
And bleſſe the Man of thy right hand:
Let thy Free-grace inflame our hearts,
And we will ſing thy praiſe in parts.

Ejaculat. 76.

O God, our Song, our Strength, whoſe hand
Hath broke our bonds, and ſet us free,
Incline our hearts to thy Command,
And we will own no God but thee;
Conduct and feed us as thy Flock,
And give us honey from thy * *Rock.* * *Pſal.* 81.16.

Ejaculat. 77.

Direct, O God, the Judges breſt,
Preſerve his hands, his eyes upright,
That he may vindicate th' oppreſt,
And guard him from injurious might:
O let him know that he ſhall be,
As Judg of others, judg'd by thee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 78.

Lord, caſt thine eyes upon thy Foes,
Confound their Troops, that are combin'd
Againſt thy Flock, which thou haſt choſe,
Make them like chaff before the wind:
Defeat their plots with ſudden ſhame,
That they may ſeek *Jehovah*'s Name.

Ejaculat. 79.

Lord, teach mine eyes, my will, my heart,
To ſee, to chooſe, and to deſire
Thy beautious Courts wherein thou art;
O fill my thoughts with holy fire.
Be thou my Sun, whoſe glorious Rayes
May light my Soul to ſing thy praiſe.

Ejaculat. 80.

O God, remit thy Peoples Sin,
And ſhew the Sun-ſhine of thy Face,
Repreſs thy fury, and begin
T'inſpire us with thy ſaving grace;
That Righteouſneſſe and Truth may meet,
And light our hearts, and lead our feet.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 81.

Great Spring, from whence all mercy flows
To them that truſt and love thy Name,
Give me thy ſtrength, and then my Foes
Shall ſee thy greatneſs, and their ſhame:
Be thou my Way, my Truth, my Light,
So ſhall I live, and die upright.

Ejaculat. 82.

Sion, the glory of the Earth,
And Subject of my holy Paſſion,
May all the Well-ſprings of my mirth
Be founded upon thy Foundation:
Of all delights I wiſh no other,
Then to be Son to ſuch a Mother.

Ejaculat. 83.

Lord, let thy fury ceaſe to burn,
Or elſe my Soul muſt ceaſe to be;
Can praiſes iſſue from the Urn?
What thanks can aſhes give to thee?
Enough, if thou but undertake me,
Let death ſurpriſe, let friends forſake me.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 84.

Lord, thou whoſe Mercy fails not thoſe
That build their truſt upon thy Name,
Protect my Soul from all my Foes,
Then ſhall my tongue thy worth proclaim:
So ſhall the remnant of my daies
Be crown'd in Peace, and thou with Praiſe.

Ejaculat. 85.

Eternal God, before whoſe Eyes
A thouſand years ſeem as a day,
Direct our hearts, and make us wiſe
To uſe that time, we cannot ſtay:
Send Joy in our ſad hearts, and bleſs
Our proſperous actions with ſucceſs.

Ejaculat. 86.

Though thouſands here, ten thouſands there,
Doe daily fall before mine eyes,
I will not faint, I will not fear,
Beneath the wings of the moſt High:
Let me be guarded, Lord, by thee,
Then I'le not fear, nor faint, nor flee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 87.

Lord, purge my Soul, that I may learn
To read my Fortunes by thy hand;
Let my inſtructed Soul diſcern,
worldly bliſs is not thy brand.
Lord, in thy Mercy make me thine,
I have enough, ſhowre thou, or ſhine.

Ejaculat. 88.

Great Monarch of the World, diſcloſe
Thy Power, and make thy Glory known;
Out-flood the floods of all my Foes,
And in my heart fix thou thy Throne:
Plant Holineſſe within my breſt,
O Lord, my Strength, O God, my Reſt.

Ejaculat. 89.

Juſt God of Vengeance, caſt an eye
Upon my poore afflicted breſt;
O ſend me help, O hear my cry,
And let thy comforts be my reſt:
Suppreſſe my Foes, and ſet me free,
That have no Hope, no Help but thee.

Ejaculat

Ejaculat. 90.

Great God of gods, Great King of kings,
From whom, by whom, we live, we be,
In whom my Soul her triumph ſings,
To whom alone bowes every knee:
Teach me thy way; thy Will's my Feaſt,
Thy Crook my Guide, thy Fold my Reſt.

Ejaculat. 91.

Lord, let our Jeſus, and thy Chriſt,
Be all the ſubject of our mirth,
Let Satans Power be diſmiſt,
And let him rule, and judg the Earth:
Then, then eternall Peace ſhall be
Return'd to us, and praiſe to thee.

Ejaculat. 92.

Great King of Glory, who art dreſt
In Clothes of Clouds, in Robes of Fire,
Make evill hatefull to my breſt,
Then ſhall I love thee moſt intire:
Then ſhall my boſome reap that light
Which thou haſt ſown for the upright.

Ejaculat

Ejaculat. 93.

Great God of Wonders, that doſt ope
The Gate of Life to our glad days,
And found'ſt a help beyond all thoſe;
O give us mouths to give thee praiſe:
So guide our waies, juſt Judge, that we
May joyfully be judg'd by thee.

Ejaculat. 94.

Great God, whoſe Promiſe is to hear,
Whoſe Practiſe is to pardon Sin,
Let my Petitions finde an ear,
And cleanſe my leprous Soul within.
Thou, Lord, art holy, teach my heart
To ſing thy Praiſes as thou art.

Ejaculat. 95.

Eternal Maker, grant that we
May praiſe thee with a chearfull heart;
Guide thou our waies, and let us be
The ſheep, where thou the Shepherd art:
For, Lord, thy Truth is alwaies ſure,
And thy great Mercy ſhall endure.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 96.

Lord, teach my heart to walk upright
In publick rev'rence, private fear;
Keep thou the humble in thy ſight,
And to the proud be thou ſevere:
Then ſhall thy Saints in triumph ſhow
Thy Mercy, and thy Juſtice too.

Ejaculat. 97.

O God, how poor a thing is Man!
Begot in ſin, and born in ſorrow;
Our breath's a blaſt, our life a Span,
But here to day, and gone to morrow.
How needfull, Lord is thy ſupport!
Our daies are bad, our time is ſhort.

Ejaculat. 98.

O thou, within whoſe tender breſt
Full ſtreams of ſweet compaſſion flow,
Whoſe Mercies cannot be expreſt
By Saints above, or Men below;
My Soul ſhall praiſe, my heart ſhall bleſs
That goodneſs, tongues cannot expreſs.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 99.

Lord, every creature writes a Story,
Of thy full Majeſty and Might,
The contemplation of whoſe Glory
Shall alwayes be my hearts delight:
Accept that praiſe my Soul can give,
And it ſhall praiſe thee while I live.

Ejaculat. 100.

Dear God, the *Pharaoh* of our Souls
Afflicts the *Iſr'el* of our hearts;
Where thou ſhouldſt govern, he controuls;
What thou command'ſt his power thwarts:
Confound his ſtrength, and let thy hand
Conduct us to the promis'd Land.

Ejaculat. 101.

Lord, ſhouldſt thou puniſh every ſin,
Or ſtrike as oft as we offend,
How quickly would our plagues begin!
How ſoon this ſinfull world would end!
But Lord, thy tender Mercies ſtand
Within the gap, and hold thy hand.

Ejacula

Ejaculat. 102.

Lord let thy wonders, and thy wayes,
Inflame my heart, my tongue, my Pen,
That Pen, and tongue, and heart may praiſe
Thy name before the Sons of men.
Look where I liſt, high, low, or under,
I ſee to learn, and learn to wonder,

Ejaculat. 103.

O Lord whoſe mercies, and whoſe pathes
Tranſcend th' expreſſions of my tongue
Inſtruct my heart to keep thy Lawes
And I will praiſe thee in my ſong.
Lend me thy pow'r, or ſtrengthen mine
And I will cruſh my Foes, and thine.

Ejaculat. 104.

O thou that ſit'ſt in Heaven, and ſeeſt
My deads without, my thoughts within;
Be thou my Prince, be thou my Prieſt,
Command my ſoul, and cure my ſin:
How bitter my afflictions be,
I care not, ſo I riſe to thee.

Ejaculat. 105.

Lord, teach my humble eyes the art
To ſee aright, and hands to do,
Then will I praiſe thee with my heart
In publique, and in private too:
Set thou thy fear in all my ways
To make me wiſe, to give thee praiſe.

Ejaculat. 106.

Lord, plant thy fear before mine eyes,
For in thy fear my Soul is bleſt;
Thy Fear's that Spring, from whence ariſe
My Crown, my Treaſure, and my Reſt.
What fear I fearing thee? and what
Not fearing thee, Lord, fear I not?

Ejaculat. 107.

Higheſt of Higheſts, that doſt raiſe
The poor and needy from the dung,
Advance my thoughts to give thee praiſe,
And Lord, unty my ſtam'ring tongue:
So ſhall my heart and tongue proclaim
Rare *Halelujahs* to thy name.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 108.

O God, the Mountains, and the Seas
Confess thee, Lord of Sea and Land,
They quake and tremble, if thou please
To shew the power of thy hand:
So shall my heart, when thou think'st good,
To turn my flint into a flood.

Ejaculat. 109.

Lord, teach our loyal hearts to build
Their constant hopes upon thy hand;
Thou art our Help, thou art our Shield,
Wherin our hopes of safety stand:
Send down thy blessings, and then we
Will send all praises up to thee.

Ejaculat. 110.

My God, thy Mercies so abound,
That every minute speaks their story;
They have no limits, have no bound;
Ours are the comforts, thine the glory:
And what thy Mercy more displays,
Thou art contented with our praise.

Ejaculat. 111.

Surpaſſing Lord, whoſe mercies have ſurpaſt
The limits of the worlds expreſſion
Whoſe truth continues firme, and faſt
To thy elect, and their ſucceſſion.
To thee perpetuall praiſe be given
By Saints on earrh, and ſouls in heav'n.

Ejaculat. 112.

Good God! thy mercy and thy might
What heart conceives? What tongue can tell?
Thou filleſt my darkneſſe with thy light,
And haſt redeem'd my ſoul from hell.
Thou art my God, thou onely art
The ſtrength, and muſick of my heart.

Ejaculat. 113.

O God thy Law's a field, in which
The fruitfull ſeed of life is ſown;
No ſeed ſo rare, no ſoil ſo rich;
It renders infinite for one.
O God, how fair theſe fields appear!
O God, what pearls are buried here!

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 114.

Great God, whoſe ever-wakefull eye
Doth never ſlumber, never cloſe,
Teach all my dangers t· rely
Upon thy help, their ſafe repoſe:
Be thou my ſhade, be thou my ſtay,
I will not feare by night, by day.

Ejaculat. 115.

Lord let the fire of my true zeale
Unto thy houſe for ever flame,
Where let my thanks, and praiſe reveale
The hidden honour of thy name.
Let Sions glory ſtill increaſe,
And bleſſe her walls with plenteous peace.

Ejaculat. 116.

O God to whom thy thoughts direct
Their conſtant hopes, and hopefull crys,
Let not my ſoul in vain expect
For mercy, from ſuch gracious eyes:
Maintain thine honour; 'Tis not me
The proud contemn, Great God, but thee.

Ejaculat. 117.

Lord, give me a believing heart,
Though wanting ſtrength I fear not man,
If thou be pleas'd to take my part,
Let malice doe the worſt it can.
Although inſnar'd I will not fear,
For thou art ſtronger then a ſnare.

Ejaculat. 118.

Give me the heart, O God to truſt,
And lead my footſteps in thy wayes;
Quell thou the power of the unjuſt,
That righteous hearts may give thee praiſe.
Do good to good men, and encreaſe
Their number, plenty, and their peace.

Ejaculat. 119.

Lord, we are Captives, and we bow
To Satans burthen every hour,
We ſow in teares, oh when wilt thou
With joy requite the weary ſower?
So bleſſe my labours that I may,
With comfort long to ſee that day.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 120.

What I poſſeſſe, or what I crave
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I crave
Be not poſſeſt, and bleſt in thee,
What I enjoy, oh make it mine
In making me, that have it, Thine.

Ejaculat. 121.

Lord plant my fears within my breſt,
That I might walk thy perfect ways;
Then ſhall I proſper and be bleſt,
In all my deeds, in all my dayes:
Then ſhall I ſee the fair encreaſe.
Of Syons glory, *Iſraels* peace.

Ejaculat. 122.

Lord ſince there muſt be alwayes Foes
T' afflict the ſouls of fleſh and blood,
Let mine be ſuch as doe oppoſe
Thy Churches peace, thy Sions good:
Then let that righteous arm of thine,
Confound, or cure thy foes, and mine.

Ejaculat. 123.

Hearer of prayers, to whom ſhould I
Implore, but thee, in my diſtreſſe,
For mercy harbours in thine eye,
And thou art fill'd with righteouſneſſe.
To thee, O God, my hopes ſhall flee,
My ſoule expects no help but thee.

Ejaculat. 124.

Lord if mine eyes ſhould look too high,
Or ranc'rous heart begin to ſwell,
Break thou the tumor, curb mine eye,
leſt one grow fierce, the other fell.
So ſhall my ſoul grow wiſe, and flee
From her own ſtrength, and truſt in thee.

Ejaculat. 125.

Lord let mine eyes not ſleep untill
I build my Temple in my breſt,
Take pleaſure then, and make it ſtill
The choſen palace of thy reſt:
Let all her foes be trodden down,
And let thy glory be her crown.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 126.

Lord we are ſeverall members joyn'd
To make one whole, whoſe head thou art,
Let all our thoughts but make one minde,
And give one body, but one heart.
United ſoules of Saints appeare
The ſweeteſt muſick in thine ear.

Ejaculat. 127.

Light thou the Lamps, great God, that they
Lightn'd by thee may give us light,
Let their bright luſter drive away
All darkneſſe from thy Courts by night;
Bleſſe us and them, that they, and we
May bleſſe thy name, firſt bleſt by thee.

Ejaculat. 128.

Let every wonder that I ſee
In Heav'n, and earth, and in the ſeas,
Advance ſome honour, Lord, to thee
That didſt, and canſt do, what thou pleaſe,
Let others worſhip wood and ſtone,
My ſoule ſhall bleſſe thee, Lord, alone.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 129.

Good God, where ere I caſt mine eye,
On earth beneath, or heaven above,
I ſee thy goodneſſe, and I ſpye
Perpetuall pledges of thy love.
Thy favours through the world extend,
And of thy mercy is no end.

Ejaculat. 130.

Lord, if my tongue, and buſie quill
Be not in *Sions* praiſe imploy'd,
Then let my hand forget her skill
And be my tongue for ever ty'd
Thy praiſe ſhall be my chief delight
Whilſt tongue can ſpeak, or hand can write.

Ejaculat. 131.

Kindle O Lord, my love with zeal,
Light my affections with thy flame;
Give my tongue courage to reveale
The ſecret glory of thy name.
Be thou my God, in all diſtreſſe,
And let thy hand be my redreſſe.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 132.

Lord, thou that mad'ſt me, and do'ſt pry
Into the ſecrets of my heart,
From whoſe all-preſence none can fly
Nor hide them there, but where thou art,
Inform my ſoul, inflame my breſt
And lead me to eternall Reſt.

Ejaculat. 133.

Lord keep me from my ſelf that am
The greateſt Foe, I need to fear;
O cover thou my face with ſhame
And give my ſins no dwelling here.
Subdue my fleſh; and then my Spirit,
Shall ſing the praiſes of thy merit.

Ejaculat. 134.

Lord when my grief ſhall find a tongue
To cry for help, find thou an eare,
Whilſt others ſeek to doe me wrong,
Make thou O God my conſcience cleer.
In thoſe ſelf-ſnares they have prepar'd
Let my inſnarers be inſnar'd.

Ejaculat. 135.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of ſummer friends; when eyes grow ſtrange,
When plighted faith forget their vowes,
When earth, and all things in it change,
O Lord thy mercies fail me never,
Where once thou lov'ſt, thou lov'ſt for ever.

Ejaculat. 136.

Judge not my actions by thy Laws
For then my ſorrows are but juſt,
But let thy mercies plead my cauſe,
For in thy mercy is my truſt.
Thoſe that oppoſe my ſoul, oppoſe;
I am thy ſervant, they thy foes.

Ejaculat. 137.

What is there Lord, what is in me
To hope for ſafety from thy power?
What help can I expect from thee,
That merit vengeance every houre?
How great ſo'ere my ſins have bin,
Thy mercy's greater than my ſin.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 138

Great God, whoſe kingdome hath no end,
Into whoſe ſecrets none can dive,
Whoſe mercy none can apprehend,
Whoſe juſtice none can feel, and live,
What my dull heart cannot aſpire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

Ejaculat. 139.

O Lord my judgement's dark, and blind,
It cannot judge twixt good, and ill,
My will is captiv'd, and confin'd,
It wants a freedome how to will,
Great Lord of pow'r, great God of might
Releaſe my bands, reſtore my ſight.

Ejaculat. 140.

Great God whoſe goodneſſe doth repleate
And fill our coaſts with full encreaſe,
That feed'ſt us with the fat of wheat,
And glad'ſt thy Sion with thy Peace.
How more then others are our dayes
Extreamly bound to give thee praiſe.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 141.

Shall froſt and ſnow give praiſe to thee,
And ſhall my ſoul n t bear a part?
Lord, froſt and ſnow appeare to be
Not half ſo cold as is my heart.
Shine glorious Sun, thy beams but felt,
My froſt will thaw, my Snow will melt.

Ejaculat. 142.

Great God to whom all praiſe belongs,
Whom Sion ſings, and Iſrael fears,
O ſtop thoſe luſts that ſtop our tongues
And fright thy glory from our ears.
Doe thou enlarge what fleſh retaines,
And bind thoſe Kings, our luſts in chaines.

Ejaculat. 143.

Lord ſeaſon my unſavory ſpirit,
And bridle my too head-ſtrong will,
That I may alwayes take delight
In acting good, and ſhunning ill.
O give me grace to underſtand,
My life is alwayes in thy hand.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 144.

Direct my steps, Lord, be my way,
And make thy pathes my sole delight,
That like a traveller I may
Not fail to rest with thee at night,
O me, how happie, and how blest,
(Lord) should I be in such a rest!

Ejaculat. 145.

Lord, let the morning of my grief,
Finde out a night of lasting pleasure,
Thou art the God of my relief,
In povertie, thou art my treasure.
I care not Lord how poor I be
Unto the world, if rich to thee.

Ejaculat. 146.

Lord let thy sacred fire thaw
The Ice of my hard-frozen zeal,
And let thy will be me known Law,
So shall my heart, thy worth reveal,
And with a *halalujous* Song
My tongue shall praise thee all day long.

Ejacu

Ejaculat. 147.

Great King of Peace, be pleas'd to send
Thy Peace to our diſtemper'd Land,
O we are bad, teach us t' amend,
And let not ruin be our brand,
Then ſhall our laviſh lips deliver
Our thanks in Peace, to our Peace-giver.

Ejaculat. 148.

If it be ſo that we muſt fight,
Lord make our crimes to Prove our Foes,
For thou (our God) doſt take delight,
To ſee ſuch pleaſant Wars as thoſe.
O may ſuch wars as theſe encreaſe,
Untill our conqueſts end in Peace.

Ejaculat. 149.

Lord let the praiſes of thy Power
Advance the power of thy praiſes,
Let every day, let every houre,
Praiſe thee till houres faile, and dayes.
To thee all Power and Praiſe be given,
By Saints on Earth, by Souls in Heaven.

THE END.